HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIX.—No. 946.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1875, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"THE MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE NEW YORK 'HERALD!'"

J. G. B., Jun. "Cry Havoc, and let slip the Dogs of War."—Shakspeare.

N.B.—The Public is requested not to be frightened, as they are only Newspaper —— Pups, and J. G. B., Jun., has let Animals loose before.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

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☞ In HARPER'S BAZAR for February 20 our readers will find the commencement of the new and powerful Illustrated Serial Story,

"HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE,"

by the popular writer, Miss M. E. BRADDON, author of "Lost for Love," "A Strange World," etc., etc.

THE SITUATION.

THE chief political question before the country is one of administration. There is no serious proposition to disturb the final settlements of the war, however their wisdom may be questioned. The Democrats, indeed, would undoubtedly leave the amendments to take care of themselves, would paralyze them as much as possible, but they would not attempt to do more. Moreover, the Democratic party is so hopeful because of the recent Republican defeats, and the election of 1876 is so near, that a third or a new party organization is out of the question, and the next President will be elected either by the Democrats or the Republicans. Amidst the general Republican disaster there is, however, profound apprehension of the consequences of Democratic restoration. The real elements and tendencies of that party, which are very different from those of its doctrinaires, are essentially reactionary to the movement of the last fifteen years, which, with all its errors, is a movement of national union, of liberty, and progress. Thousands of votes which have helped to defeat the Republicans during the last few months are those of men who are, so to speak, naturally Republican, and who would greatly prefer to see that party, truly inspired and wisely managed, in the ascendant. They feel, however, that there is nothing but calamity to be expected of the present Republican course, and they decline to share the responsibility of the result.

The consequence of this situation is that the Republican party is in great peril. The most sanguine Republican can hardly suppose that if the election were to take place next month, a Republican President would be elected. Nothing is gained by beating gongs and tom-toms, and vociferating that such a view is cowardly and false and comforting to the enemy. The way to escape danger is not to shut your eyes, but to open them. Republicans know perfectly well that in saying that the party is divided and disheartened we speak the simple and obvious truth, and that nothing is plainer than that there must be a radical change, or the result is fatally sure. Is, then, the cause of justice and of equal rights, the dominance of the intelligence and conscience of the country in the government, not worth saving? Shall no effort be made? It is objected to the Vice-President's late letter that he suggests no method of accomplishing what he states to be desirable results. He pronounces for change, but he does not specify changes. But if we see what has alienated the confidence and chilled the enthusiasm of the party, we can also see how they are to be restored. What, then, can be done?

The President can emphatically disclaim all thought of a third term. The suggestion of such a purpose may have been a joke, but the consequences were not comical. A word well spoken and in season would have been most serviceable, but it was withheld. If the proper and plain declaration were now made, it would be late, indeed, but the subject is not merely personal to him; it affects the party, and it would relieve the public jealousy of office-holding interference in elections, which is more positive than ever. If it is supposed at the White House that there is no feeling upon this subject, and that nobody really cares, there is an ignorance of public opinion in that quarter which is an ill augury for Republicans. The President also could purge the civil service in such a way as to show that political activity is not the tenure of office. His action could be such as to indicate his consciousness that he had hitherto failed to satisfy in this matter the just expectations which he had excited, and that he had now overcome the adverse influences which have thwarted his declared purpose. Here are two very simple and very practicable measures which would instantly tend to revive the confidence of the party and renew its energy.

Again, the President and Congress together can adopt a policy in the Louisiana question which shall satisfy the best opinion of the country. They can not constitutionally remand the State to a Territorial condition. They can not order a new election in Louisiana more than in any other State. And they can not recognize and sustain a fraudulent government any where. The Republican Committee of Privileges and Elections in the Senate reported two years ago that if the election of 1872 was not void for fraud, M'ENERY and his associates must be recognized. The Republican sub-committee of investigation in the House have just reported that a clear Conservative majority was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature last November. If Mr. HOAR and his associates make substantially the same report, the KELLOGG government in Louisiana must be considered what it is now generally believed to be, fraudulent and illegal. To persist in sustaining it after that would be suicidal folly, and a party which justified its Administration in maintaining a State government which its own investigations had shown to be not the choice of the people would be in danger of annihilation at the polls.

Is there any thing in these suggestions discordant with Republican principles? Is it not the first and most cardinal principle of the party that equal rights are to be every where and firmly maintained in the Union under and by the law, and in no other way? And is it not precisely because their defense has been attempted by stretching and straining and wrenching the law, that the Republican party is so shaken and riven as we see it to-day? Had there been a prompt declaration by the President that he would not accept a third nomination, had he shown a resolute opposition to office-holding interference in politics, had Congress removed the obvious objections to its financial bill, had the performances of DURELL and CASEY and KELLOGG in Louisiana been severely rebuked, would the Republican party have been weaker? And is there no way to deal with political errors but to persist in them? We confess that we ask with some apprehension, as we read the Senate discussion of the Louisiana question. If it be determined there that no change shall be made, we trust that the Republican press of the country will not fail to warn the President and Congress that the consequences are plain and inevitable.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE recent visit of Mr. KINGSLEY to this country and the kind memories he left behind him give us a personal regret in his death, which is greater from the feeling that his American visit probably hastened the end. He came to us last winter, and was taken ill in Colorado, and, with his pluck and buoyancy, believed himself to be well before he was so. His American trip was a severe drain upon his system, and at the age of fifty-five, which for an active and robust Englishman is not old, the busy brain is still and the restless foot rests at last and forever. He was a man of an ardent and generous nature, and of a most inquisitive and versatile mind. His curiosity, indeed, was insatiable, and his memory accurate and retentive, so that his information was very various, extensive, and valuable. A well-educated man, and of a well-stored mind, rather than a scholar, he was yet full of sympathy with all scholarly tastes and pursuits. Those who recall the appearance of *Alton Locke*, more than twenty years ago, will not forget its powerful appeal to the mind and heart of that generation, and the conviction which it inspired that the English poor man was now to be heard and his claims considered more attentively than ever before. There was a tone of manly and tender earnestness, a true pathos, in the story, which gave it a deep and wide popularity.

KINGSLEY was one of a group of men, in which FREDERIC D. MAURICE and THOMAS HUGHES were included, who were called Christian socialists. Their feeling—and it was not new, but is perennial with the best youth of Christendom—that the society of Christian nations is much more heathen than Christian, and that no man should spare an effort to inspire it with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and thus to Christianize Christendom. *Alton Locke* is thus even more pamphlet than novel. Its hero is a tailor's apprentice in modern England, and it was decried as a Chartist tract. But KINGSLEY had little sympathy with Chartist methods. Like many of the most earnest reformers, he was conservative in taste and temperament, and when he became a Queen's chaplain and a canon of Westminster it was said that he too was a lost leader, and had renounced the dreams of his youth. But he had not essentially changed. He had not been accurately understood. His sympathies and convictions were the same, but his knowledge was greater. New interests engaged him, and as youth passed, the passion of the protest declined. Had the course which he began in *Alton Locke* continued, and had he followed it up with equally trenchant blows, his works would have been a powerful influence in the social discussions of England.

He had great literary talent, which, however, does not appear in his sermons. The description of a hunt in *Yeast*, that of the Puritans in one of the essays, and his songs of *The Sands o' Dee*, *The Fishermen*, and *The merry Brown Hares came leaping*, are familiar to all his readers as illustrations of his fine skill. In later years his interests were very discursive, and he was a very interesting companion. When he came to this country, it was pleasant to the old friends of *Alton Locke* and to the readers of the later stories to see the face of the man who had once spoken to them with such emphasis, and his American welcome was most hearty. His success here as a lecturer was, however, one of curiosity. He was not an orator, and he had insuperable eccentricities of manner. As an author he has given our literature some things which it will very long retain. *The Sands o' Dee* has a fascination which is renewed with each generation, and its melancholy iteration is a strain of real pathos. Indeed, *Alton Locke* itself is likely to endure as the protest of the amazed and angry mind of youth against the Christian pretense of Christian England in this century.

HOW TO ELECT THE PRESIDENT.

MR. MORTON has explained in the Senate the plan reported from the Committee on Elections for the election of President and Vice-President. The committee of the House has also reported its plan, which differs mainly upon the question of a tribunal to settle contests, and the subject will now probably be discussed until something is done. The original theory of the Constitution was that the States, as such, should have a voice in the election of President, and that he should not be chosen by a mere majority of the voters of the whole country. But the great defect of this system is that a small minority may elect. Is there any evil so great as this in a direct election? Mr. FREEMAN, indeed, a very high authority, objects even to our indirect election of a President that it has become practically and actually direct, and is a deviation from the representative principle of modern free states, and therefore an anomaly. But as we are used to the direct election of the chief executive officer in the States, there would seem to be no reason that the Chief Magistrate of the Union should not be chosen in the same way, unless it could be shown that such a method would tend dangerously to invade the just rights of the States.

Mr. MORTON says frankly that he would prefer a direct election by the whole people as one community, but he thinks that it is not practicable, because the small States would not agree to it. But why should they not? The States, as such, have no local or especial interest in the election of a President, but all the voters in the State are very directly interested in the success of the party to which they belong. The party, however, is national, and the first wish of every member of it in every State is that it shall carry the election. State considerations disappear from the contest, and the voter in Delaware and the voter in New York do not think of their States in the election, but only of a national party. Besides, even under the present system, a minority of the States can elect. Indeed, the moment that the States cease to have an equal voice in the election the popular principle is introduced, and its further extension is only a question of expediency. The real representation of the States is in the Senate, not in the Electoral College, and there it can be left.

Despairing of a direct system, Mr. MORTON seeks the next best method, and since the vote by States undoubtedly empowers a minority to elect, he would find how that evil can be reduced to its lowest terms. His solution is the district system. His plan divides the State into as many districts as it has Representatives in Congress; and the candidate who gets the highest number of votes in a district receives the vote of that district, and the one who receives the highest number of votes in the State has the two Presidential votes. These two votes are retained in the scheme to satisfy the smaller States. This plan destroys the system of electors, and overrides State lines so far as to enable the vote of a district in one State to be counted with a district vote in another. The State does not vote as a unit, as it does now, but may distribute its district votes among the candidates. If it be asked for what reason the district rather than the State is selected as the base of the vote, Mr. MORTON answers that by careful calculations of the returns for many years, it is found that the district system comes one-third more nearly to the popular vote than election by general ticket. In a general vote a great fraud at any one point, as in the city of New York, in 1868, may secure all the electoral votes of the State for one candidate; but fraud in a district affects only the vote of the district. If the President is not to be elected directly by the whole people, it is not easy to see how the voting can be brought nearer to the people in the States than by Mr. MORTON'S plan.

The amendment reported to the House provides that no person who has been a Justice of the Supreme Court shall be eligible to the office of President or Vice-President, and that the returns of the election shall be made to the court, which shall determine any contest in regard to them, canvass them, and declare within ninety days after the election who has been chosen President and Vice-President. This provision is, however, not reported to the Senate. Mr. MORTON says that it was a subject of careful thought, but it was finally decided to leave the establishment of the tribunal to Congress, for if it were named in the Constitution it might not be found to work well, and a change would then be more difficult. The House committee argues that there must be some tribunal to decide contests, and that there could be none so generally unsuspected and trusted as the Supreme Court. This plan also releases the court from the vexations of Presidential ambition and of political intrigue. It further substitutes the plurality rule for the majority rule, and saves the election from falling into the House of Representatives, a plan full of disadvantages. The election by the people is thus made final, as it should be. When it is thrown into the House, the result is still further from being the decision of a majority than if the plurality settled it. For the vote is not free, but must be distributed among the three candidates who have received the highest number of electoral votes. Moreover, the election by a popular plurality removes the inducement for intrigue to throw the vote into the House. The election by the House is unjust and mischievous and absurd. The vote is taken by States, and the one Representative of forty-two thousand people in Nevada has the same voice as all the Representatives of the four and a half millions of people in New York. The temptation to corruption is almost overpowering. Mr. CLAY never recovered from the imputation at the election of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and the earlier election of JEFFERSON in 1801 was a severe strain upon the whole system. The plurality rule has been very generally adopted in all the States. It is the universal rule for the election of members of Congress and of Presidential electors, and in all the States but three for State officers. The whole subject, which is of the utmost importance, has been considered by the committees so thoroughly, and in such a candid and patriotic spirit, that there should be no serious delay in acting upon the reports and submitting the proposed amendment to the people.

THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE.

MR. GEORGE WALKER, an accomplished student of finance, has admirably translated from the French of VICTOR BONNET, a financial authority in France, two essays, which the APPLETONS have published, and which deserve the careful attention of every American who is interested in the financial questions of this country. Mr. WALKER calls the pamphlet *The Example of France*, and the essays treat of the payment of the German indemnity, and the management of the currency since the war. It will be remembered that during the long Congressional debates of last year the example of France was often cited by the inflationists, but with how little justice M. BONNET shows. He writes with great clearness and ample knowledge, and he gives vivid interest to a topic which is usually thought to be wearisome and obscure. The first of the two essays is full of valuable information of French resources, commerce, business habits, etc. France, rising from the prostration of a foreign occupation, a war in which she was utterly de-

feated, and an insurrection which threatened her social existence, paid in two years and a half a ransom of a thousand millions of dollars, after an almost equal domestic expenditure. It is one of the marvels of history, and M. Bonnet tells how it was done.

France is rich, producing the most important necessaries of life, and it has a skilled labor which is unequaled. But it is also the greatest of domestic economists. Sir Robert Peel said that in England one person in five spends all his income: in France there is scarcely one in forty who does the same. The savings of the French are therefore enormous. They are probably six hundred millions of dollars annually. And this continued during the war, because, as M. Bonnet says, the country has become used to war, and attends to its business, relying upon Providence. The problem of the indemnity was solved in three ways—by the exchanges of foreign trade, by demands upon foreign countries in loans and stocks, and by the high credit of France in Europe. In considering the first point, M. Bonnet corrects a great many misapprehensions, which are common also in this country, in regard to the balance of trade, showing that a country may grow rich with the balance against it.

The second essay, upon the management of the currency, deals at the outset with some elementary principles, but in the clearest manner stating and exposing the sophisms which the inflationists in England asserted sixty years ago, and with which we are familiar in the United States. It then proceeds to show how in the midst of great calamities, with a vast ransom to pay and domestic loss to repair, a credit circulation could be maintained four times as large as its metallic base, and could reach the enormous sum of three thousand millions of francs (six hundred millions of dollars) without depreciation. Stating the true principles of a credit circulation, M. Bonnet asserts that the maintenance of a paper currency at par with gold depends in any country upon two things—first, a large stock of the precious metals constantly remaining in the country, and then a favorable condition of the foreign exchanges. The state of the exchanges he calls "a somewhat accurate criterion" for determining whether a credit circulation is excessive. In France there had been no overtrading, no speculation, and the paper money was not issued to replace the specie that had left the country, but that which remained and would not show itself. The knowledge of this fact sustained the public confidence, and the notes of the Bank of France were never more than two and a half per cent. below par in gold, and that for a very short time. It is consoling to learn from M. Bonnet's pamphlet that the kind of conceit and ignorance which appeared in the currency Congressional debates of last year are not peculiar to us; for he says, sarcastically alluding to the unwillingness of France to lay a tax upon incomes, "It would seem that we enjoyed in every thing a science peculiar to ourselves, and had no need to borrow any thing from our neighbors." And again, "We are appalled at the ignorance of finance which exists in this country."

The essays are a very timely and important contribution to the discussion of the subject, and will richly reward study.

A PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

There was a sudden and significant debate in the House of Representatives the other day upon a proposition to submit to the country an amendment of the Constitution changing the term of the Presidency and Vice-Presidency to six years, with ineligibility of the President for re-election. The discussion was upon the merits of the proposition. Judge Hoar was opposed to the restriction, and said that there was no evidence of any general desire for it. In proof of this he mentioned that there were no petitions before the House. This is often cited as an evidence of the want of popular interest in a subject. But it is very much less so than formerly. With the growth and diffusion of the press the individual petition becomes less important as an indication of public opinion. Formerly it was the chief one. But now it is in the papers all over the country, not in the petitions that may be sent to Congress, that the public feeling and wishes are to be studied. Judge Hoar suggested that it might not be a general wish, but only the whim of newspapers. Would that be a sound principle of interpretation upon other questions—Louisiana, for instance, or the salary grab? The salary grab was promptly repealed last year. Was it in consequence of a mass of petitions? Not at all: it was mainly because of the loud voice of the press and of some State Conventions.

The argument for continuous re-eligibility is that there may be an occasion, as in 1864, when it would be a great misfortune if the President could not be re-elected. That is true; but it is also true that in 1864 the misfortune would have been chiefly in the fact that the setting aside of Mr. Lincoln would have been regarded by the rebels as a sign of fatigue with the war or of divided counsels as to the policy to be pursued. But if Mr. Lincoln had been constitutionally ineligible at that time, there would have been no such feeling, and the nomination and election of another undoubted Republican would have been an equal earnest of an unfaltering prosecution of the war. It is undoubtedly a misfortune that a magistrate who has commended himself so favorably to the country that it desires his continuance should be superseded; but the question must be determined by general, not exceptional, considerations. And when it is said that an amendment limiting a President to one term in some sense restricts the choice of the people hereafter, it is forgotten that the very object of a fundamental law is restriction, and that the people who come after us are bound by our action only as we are bound by that of our predecessors, that is to say, until the law is changed in the manner it prescribes.

There is probably very little doubt that if the Constitution were now to be framed, the Presidential term would be limited; and if the fathers could have foreseen the expansion of the executive power through the growth of patronage, they would unquestionably have made the President ineligible for re-election. But if the limitation to two terms, which are about equivalent to such a long single term as an amendment would provide, is a sacred and virtually immutable tradition of the government, and if it is almost impossible to conceive the circumstances under which it could be or should be violated, what is the reason? Obviously the reason is that a continuous Presidency, under any pretense, is seen to be full of peril. What good objection is there, then, to making the tradition a law? General Butler's argument, that we wish to provide to continue a strong man in an emergency, was very well answered by Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, who said that that was precisely the plea under which republics were always overthrown. The proposition was lost by the want of a two-thirds vote. But fifty-two Republicans, including, with some exceptions, the most conspicuous and able men of the party, voted for it.

A WORD FOR THE SUFFERING POOR.

Twenty years ago the Bond Street Homeopathic Dispensary in New York was opened for the free medical and surgical relief of the poor of the city, without distinction of sex, age, color, nativity, or religion. The aid of its physicians and surgeons has been voluntary, and it has relieved hundreds of thousands of destitute patients. In the year 1873 it treated nearly forty thousand cases, and gave nearly a hundred thousand prescriptions. It has no fund, and has been supported mainly by voluntary subscriptions, with small gifts from the Legislature and Common Council. It has to pay a large and increasing rent, and has a debt of six thousand dollars, while the late panic has reduced its resources, and the legislative assistance is cut down. It is a most meritorious charity, and the closing of its doors would be a public calamity. The facts appeal strongly to all who favor the homeopathic practice, and who would do something to sustain the beneficence of such an institution. They plead for themselves; and should any one who sees these words wish to contribute to so good a work, he can send the money to the cashier of the *Evening Post*, or to Dr. Otto Füllgraff, 53 Irving Place.

PAP AND PATRIOTISM.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in alluding to the report that the President himself inspired the order to remove the public advertisements from the Republican newspapers which have objected to his Louisiana policy, says, "As long as Nast's flattering pictures are continued in *Harper's Weekly*, we presume there will be no discrimination against *Harper*," no matter what it may say. We beg to assure the *Commercial* that this kind of discrimination is impossible in the case it mentions, for *Harper's Weekly* does not wish, nor ask, nor expect, nor receive any patronage whatever from the Government, and therefore it can not be withdrawn. And this is now true of most of the great journals in the country. The press was never so powerful, because it was never so truly independent, and because the criticisms of important newspapers are believed to be more patriotic than partisan. Under a free popular government, every intelligent editor will naturally sympathize with the tendency and spirit of some one of the great parties. But this will not prevent his plain criticism, and he will prove his friendship quite as much by prompt censure upon proper occasion as by vehement applause of every thing done in the name of the party.

SENATOR BURNSIDE.

General Burnside, one of the most spotless and beloved of the citizens of his State, has been elected to the Senate from Rhode Island. At a time when the Democrats are electing Confederate generals to the same high responsibility, we are glad to see that Republicans are not unmindful of the gallant soldiers of the Union and liberty.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, M.A., D.D., who has just been consecrated Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, was what is known as "a character" in his under-graduate days at the University of Virginia. Then he was chiefly famous as "the right bower" of the "Δ.K.E.'s," as the best tenor in college, and *facile princeps* in macaronic verse. Of course he was always getting into scrapes, but invariably managed to mollify the Dons by extraordinary "spurts" in "the schools;" and finally, to his own great surprise (so he averred) and that of his professors, by an amazing amount of work, passed with great distinction in 1858 in the nine "schools" required for the M.A. degree, and in consequence was graduated Master of Arts, being one of six M.A.'s in a university numbering nearly seven hundred students. In those days not even the professors were safe from his "chaff," and he would ask the gravest "Ph.D." of Berlin or Göttingen a nonsensical question with such respectful air and with such infantine ignorance as disarmed peremptorily suspicion or nascent anger. When under-graduates who fancied themselves knowing rudely guffawed at these innocent queries, the pain and surprise of the embryo bishop at their levity was really beautiful and touching. Bishop Dudley, though a young man, is of broad culture, a tip-top Greek scholar, reads Huxley and Herbert Spencer with great eagerness and combativeness, and, speaking soberly, is one of the best pulpit orators in this country. His sermons are very short, rarely exceeding twenty-five minutes, but his diction is simple, and the argument direct. Bishop Dudley is said to be a pronounced Churchman, but with decidedly Broad tendencies.

—Professor Key, of University College, London (who, by-the-bye, was for several years professor in the University of Virginia), is to have a testimonial in the shape of a bust, to be placed in the college, he having completed half a century of professional life, forty-six years of which have been spent in University College. Lord Belper and others of his old pupils constitute the committee. This seems to be regarded in England as no mean honor even for the gravest and most erudite Don, whereas in our American colleges the veriest Freshman has jauntily from time to time his "bust," no notice being accorded the same, unless, as sometimes happens, a jaundiced tutor makes invidious remarks. Nothing could mark more sharply the difference between the effete monarchies of the Old World and the progressive institutions of this great and glorious land of freedom.

—The Rev. H. R. Haweis, author of *Music and Morals*, and other readable books, has just given to the world a cheerful and sensational romance entitled *Ashes to Ashes; a Cremation Prelude*. The accidents and mysteries of interment are touched with such a loving hand as would indicate that Mr. Haweis had, in this portion of the book, enlisted the services and sympathies of an experienced undertaker; but although the humorous sallies of the author point to the same hilarious source, we are authorized to state that the solid men of this necessary and highly respectable profession view with extreme displeasure not only these playful episodes, but the entire work. A fatal objection to the popularity of the book for general readers lies in the fact that the heroine and martyr is not a mother-in-law.

—Mr. Loring Andrews, who died in this city on the 22d of January, at the age of seventy-six, especially deserved the appellation of a "merchant prince." In 1866 he made a donation of one hundred thousand dollars to the New York University to found professorships in that institution, and in 1864, when the project was deemed almost hopeless, he subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to the Atlantic Telegraph Cable Company. During a large portion of his life it had been his custom to administer upon his own estate by giving large sums to benevolent objects; yet he died the wealthiest man in the leather trade, and one whose character had been always held in the highest respect.

—The proprietors of the Baltimore *American*—a paper which has already celebrated its centennial, having been founded in 1773—are about to signalize their enterprise and success by erecting a new building, which, it is said, will be one of the finest newspaper structures in the country.

—The Marquis of Bute, a Catholic nobleman, under ecclesiastical advice tried to prevent the formation of a free library in the town of Cardiff, Wales. He must be the original "Cardiff Giant," escaped from the Stone Age. Apropos of this, it is worthy of remark that Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, recently forbade the people of his diocese to frequent public libraries or take books from them. That is the way in which Catholicism cherishes education.

—An English gentleman, Mr. Roger Lyon Jones, who died recently at Liverpool, left property of the value of $1,500,000, of which two-thirds will go to the charitable institutions of that city.

—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's physicians have "called" him away from Wall Street, where for several years past he has "put" his best energies. "Puts" and "calls" in a locality where neither rhyme nor reason is of much account are rarely conducive to the highest poetical or robustest physical development.

—Arsène Houssaye commences one of his letters to the *Tribune*, headed "Life in Paris," with a witticism. "A châtelaine," says he, "of the Middle Ages, who was giving edifying lessons in the catechism to her page, suddenly asked him one day, 'How many capital sins have we?' 'Four,' answered the page, unhesitatingly. The lady gave the boy a box on the ear, saying, 'Learn, Sir, that seven are none too many for us.' In these carnival times I think there is an eighth capital sin, which includes all the others—at least in Paris—and that is Woman, though some flatterer has already said that 'woman is the fourth theological virtue.'"

—It is announced that Miss Anna Dickinson is really preparing for the stage, and will soon make her appearance at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in the character of Joan of Arc. She thinks highly of Miss Joan.

—The Rev. Josiah Henson, said to be the original of "Uncle Tom," in Mrs. Stowe's remarkable novel descriptive of the rural home of that individual, is now living in a better house in Dawn, Canada.

—In a recent address before the London University College Hospital, Professor John Eric Erichsen, who last year made a professional tour of this country, paid a high compliment to the architect of the Roosevelt Hospital in this city, Mr. Carl Pfeiffer. He described that institution as being the most complete he had ever seen, and as reflecting the greatest credit upon its designers and its architect. The State Homeopathic Asylum for the Insane, at Middletown, in this State, one of the finest institutions of the kind in the country, was also designed by Mr. Pfeiffer.

—John P. Green, Esq., a colored graduate of Cleveland High School, delivered the oration at a recent reunion of the alumni of that institution.

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon has investigated the American proboscis, and writes to the London *Athenæum* that the nasal tone in our people, of which he had heard so much, is scarcely noticeable when observed at all. Whatever there may be left of it is due to inheritance from England, and is not due to climatic influences here. It was perfidious Albion from whom we caught it.

—The first school ever taught in Lincoln County, Kentucky, was by the Rev. David Rice, to which Washington and Adams gave $100 each, and Aaron Burr $50.

—The first coach or private carriage imported into America was in 1770, by Lindley Murray, the father of the eminent grammarian.

—At the famous Saturday Club, of Philadelphia, held at the house of Mr. George W. Childs, on the evening of the 24th ult., there was an unusual gathering of men of note, among whom were President Grant, vice-President Wilson, the Secretary of War, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, and other Washington notabilities; the Earls of Roseberry and Caithness; Paul du Chaillu, the African traveler; Rev. Hepworth Dixon; a number of Congressmen; Hugh J. Jewett, of the Erie Railroad; President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio; William Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph; Governor Hartranft and ex-Governors Bigler and Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Parker, of New Jersey, and many others. The collation was among the most munificent ever given in the city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

But little business of importance was transacted in either House of Congress during the week ending January 30. The discussion on Louisiana affairs occupied a large part of the time in the Senate, the principal speeches being those of Mr. Thurman on the Democratic side, and Mr. Conkling in defense of the course of the administration.—A proposition to consider the Civil Rights Bill was defeated in the Senate January 25. On the same day the Senate passed a bill for the relief of the *Polaris* survivors.—January 26 Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, introduced a bill to regulate the counting of votes for President and Vice-President.—In the House, January 25, the Republican caucus bill to set aside the two-thirds rule was rejected. The repeal of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company's subsidy was agreed to.—January 26 a joint resolution was introduced in the House for an amendment to make the President's office one term of six years, but it failed to obtain a two-thirds vote.—The Civil Rights Bill came up in the House January 27, and the Democratic members immediately commenced "fillibustering" over it, taking up the time by roll-calling and motions to adjourn. The dead lock continued till the 29th, when it was broken by the Republicans yielding, after forty-six hours' continuous session.

The following United States Senators were elected during the week, for six years from the 4th of March next: General Ambrose E. Burnside, from Rhode Island; ex-President Andrew Johnson (Democratic), from Tennessee; ex-Governor Theodore F. Randolph (Democratic), from New Jersey.

Referring to the reports of disagreement between the President and the cabinet on the Louisiana question, the Washington *Chronicle* says: "At the cabinet meeting previous to that in which the message was submitted the subject was informally discussed by the members of the cabinet, all of whom were present except Secretary Delano. There was no disagreement as to what course should be pursued. The President prepared his message, and at a subsequent meeting submitted it to the cabinet, and it met with the entire approval of every member. The Secretary of State did not suggest the change of a single sentence. Messrs. Bristow, Jewell, Williams, Belknap, and Delano approved of its entire review of the case and the recommendation it contained. No member of the cabinet in any manner, directly or indirectly, threatened to resign on account of any views of the President on the question, nor was the message altered in a single particular to accommodate the views of any member of the cabinet; and the country is indebted to the President, and to no one else, for the able, comprehensive, and statesman-like view of the Louisiana question thus presented to Congress and the country."

The bill giving the control of county funds to the Boards of Supervisors has been favorably reported to the New York Legislature; also the bill incorporating the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. On the 29th a bill to provide for the creation of a fund to establish a rapid transit road through New York was presented in the Senate.

Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, in accordance with the recommendations of Judge Mackey, has issued a proclamation disarming the turbulent colored militia of Edgefield County, and disbanding all the military organizations of every kind in the county.

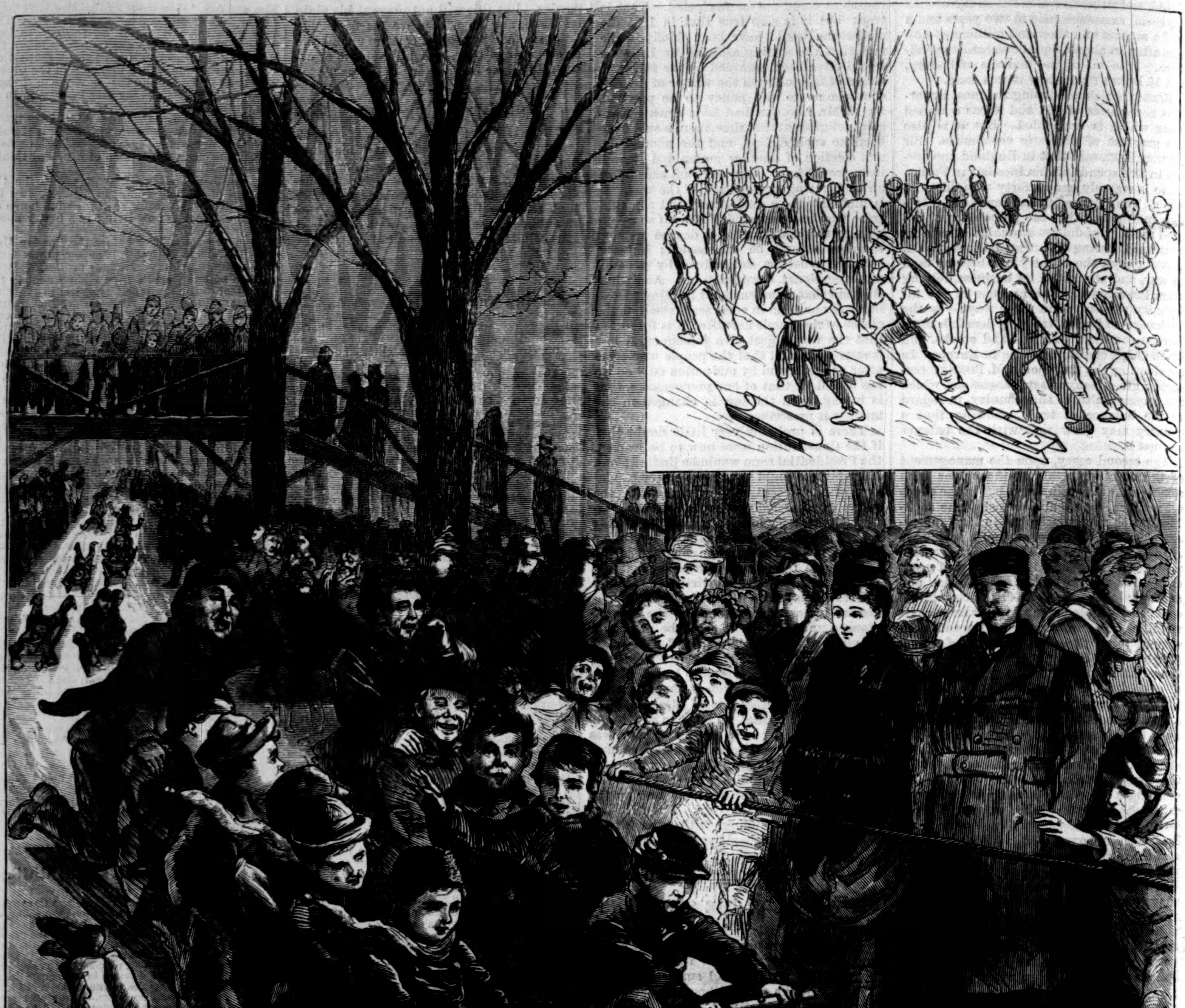
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Montenegrins and Turks have resolved to withdraw the troops on their frontiers.

A proposition has been made in the Lower House of the Belgian Legislature to prevent the importation of American potatoes.

The Shah of Persia has given Herr Falkenhagen, a Russian subject, a concession to construct a railway from Tabriz to the Russian frontier. If this line is carried out, it will be extended to Tiflis, and will become the first railway connecting Asia and Europe.

The Emperor of China died January 12. His successor to the throne is a prince five years of age.



COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.—[From a Sketch by E. H. Garrett.]

COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.

The City Fathers of Boston, remembering the time when they were boys, have earned the gratitude of the youth of that goodly town by giving them a splendid sliding course on the Common. The course is watered every night, after the merriment of the day is over, so that it presents a smooth glassy surface of ice. Bridges have been erected over it at the intersection of cross-paths for the accommodation of pedestrians, and the course is therefore uninterrupted for its entire length. Every afternoon and evening the Common presents a very lively appearance. Young and old assemble to participate in the enjoyment of the sport. Our sketch gives a spirited view of the exciting scene. The array of sleds is prodigious. There are long sleds, short sleds, and double-runners, from the rudest to the most elegant style of construction, and boys of all ages, sizes, and complexions take part in the exhilarating pastime. The head of the course is directly in front of the State-house, where a steep descent gives the sleds an impetus that carries them with the speed of the wind down the Mall and across the Common almost to Boylston Street. The excitement has spread through the whole city, and thousands of people throng the Common. There is racing and chasing over the icy course, and when some lively little fellow skillfully steered his craft, and sped by his companions on the way, followed closely by a fleet of double-runners manned by about the jolliest set of coming men that ever straddled a sled, some shouting, others piping whistles and blowing horns, the young ladies, and even old men and women, caught the inspiration, and their countenances plainly said, "I wish I were a boy!"

Nothing but the lack of unoccupied sleds, says a Boston paper, prevents the young ladies from taking part in the sport. This is a sad commentary on the gallantry of the Boston youth. Why shouldn't the young ladies, and the old folks too, have their share of the fun and frolic if they feel inclined? They do these things better in Russia, although Boston has made a good beginning. Every winter artificial ice-hills are constructed in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg and other large cities of the empire, where young and old of both sexes engage in the pastime of coasting. There is a hill at each extremity of the course, so that at the end of one the steps leading to the top of the other are reached. The descent is steep, and almost terrifying to the novice in such sports.

The sleds are pushed off from a platform at the top of the hill, some singly, some with couples, and sometimes a whole boat-load is sent whirling down below. It is a little frightful to look at at first, and incomprehensible how the people who precipitate themselves ever escape destruction. But they do; they turn up again, and are eager to take another header. This some venturesome voyagers do literally, lying faces foremost, like seals, on their sleds. Down they go at a terrific rate, with arms outstretched and feet close together, swooping down like hawks. Ladies trust themselves to experienced hands, tucking in their dresses daintily, and showing pert little boots, which act as a double figure-head. Now and then—but this is an act of daring—a lady launches herself alone. Unless experienced in the difficult art of guiding the sled over the slippery surface, she is very apt to "come to grief" before reaching the end of the course. Coming to grief consists in wobbling, and finally in plunging into the ridge of snow which fringes the ice. The ridge is capped with fir-trees. At intervals you are hurled against one of these, and the snow is shaken in clouds from the branches. You and your sled part company, other sleds and their occupants come down upon you, and one and all are involved in the same utter ruin. Sometimes some one who is observed to shirk it is flung down bodily, as from the Tarpeian Rock, being a traitor to the commonwealth of jollity. This is unpleasant when one's overcoat covers only evening dress. Still, no one is hurt, only a little damaged in his clothing, and the victim appears to enjoy the fun quite as much as any of the spectators.

We mention these ice-hills merely for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that both men and women take part in the pastime. With the Common for a coasting-ground, Boston has no need to emulate the artificial declivities of St. Petersburg—expedients which might come in play at Chicago and other flat-bottomed cities, where a rise of a few inches in a mile is dignified by the name of hill. But the City Fathers of Boston have set an example, in providing a suitable coasting-ground for the boys, which might well be imitated in other cities.

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ARIEL.

I PASSED a sleepless night.

The outrage that had been offered to me was bad enough in itself. But consequences were associated with it which might affect me more seriously still. In so far as the attainment of the one object of my life might yet depend on my personal association with Miserrimus Dexter, an insurmountable obstacle appeared to be now placed in my way. Even in my husband's interests, ought I to permit a man who had grossly insulted me to approach me again? Although I was no prude, I recoiled from the thought of it.

I rose late, and sat down at my desk, trying to summon energy enough to write to Mr. Playmore—and trying in vain.

Toward noon (while Benjamin happened to be out for a little while), the housekeeper announced the arrival of another strange visitor at the gate of the villa.

"It's a woman this time, ma'am—or something like one," said this worthy person, confidentially. "A great, stout, awkward, stupid creature, with a man's hat on, and a man's stick in her hand. She says she has got a note for you, and she won't give it to any body *but* you. I'd better not let her in—had I?"

Recognizing the original of the picture, I astonished the housekeeper by consenting to receive the messenger immediately.

Ariel entered the room—in stolid silence, as usual. But I noticed a change in her which puzzled me. Her dull eyes were red and bloodshot. Traces of tears (as I fancied) were visible on her fat, shapeless cheeks. She crossed the room, on her way to my chair, with a less determined tread than was customary with her. Could Ariel (I asked myself) be woman enough to cry? Was it within the limits of possibility that Ariel should approach me in sorrow and in fear?

"I hear you have brought something for me," I said. "Won't you sit down?"

She handed me a letter—without answering, and without taking a chair. I opened the envelope. The letter inside was written by Miserrimus Dexter. It contained these lines:

"Try to pity me, if you have any pity left for a miserable man. I have bitterly expiated the madness of a moment. If you could see me, even you would own that my punishment has been heavy enough. For God's sake, don't abandon me! I was beside myself when I let the feeling that you have awakened in me get the better of my control. It shall never show itself again; it shall be a secret that dies with me. Can I expect you to believe this? No. I won't ask you to believe me; I won't ask you to trust me in the future. If you ever consent to see me again, let it be in the presence of any third person whom you may appoint to protect you. I deserve that—I will submit to it; I will wait till time has composed your angry feeling against me. All I ask now is leave to hope. Say to Ariel, 'I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again.' She will remember it, for love of me. If you send her back without a message, you send me to the mad-house. Ask her, if you don't believe me.—MISERRIMUS DEXTER."

I finished the strange letter, and looked at Ariel.

She stood with her eyes on the floor, and held out to me the thick walking-stick which she carried in her hand.

"Take the stick"—were the first words she said to me.

"Why am I to take it?" I asked.

She struggled a little with her sluggishly working mind, and slowly put her thoughts into words.

"You're angry with the Master," she said. "Take it out on Me. Here's the stick. Beat me."

"Beat you!" I exclaimed.

"My back's broad," said the poor creature. "I won't make a row. I'll bear it. Drat you, take the stick! Don't vex *him*. Whack it out on my back. Beat *me*."

She roughly forced the stick into my hand; she turned her poor shapeless shoulders to me, waiting for the blow. It was at once dreadful and touching to see her. The tears rose in my eyes. I tried, gently and patiently, to reason with her. Quite useless! The idea of taking the Master's punishment on herself was the one idea in her mind. "Don't vex *him*," she repeated. "Beat *me*."

"What do you mean by 'vexing him?'" I asked.

She tried to explain, and failed to find the words. She showed me by imitation, as a savage might have shown me, what she meant. Striding to the fire-place, she crouched on the rug, and looked into the fire with a horrible vacant stare. Then she clasped her hands over her forehead, and rocked slowly to and fro, still staring into the fire. "There's how he sits!" she said, with a sudden burst of speech. "Hours on hours, there's how he sits! Notices nobody. Cries about *you*."

The picture she presented recalled to my memory the report of Dexter's health, and the doctor's plain warning of peril waiting for him in the future. Even if I could have resisted Ariel, I must have yielded to the vague dread of consequences which now shook me in secret.

"Don't do that!" I cried. She was still rocking herself in imitation of the "Master," and still staring into the fire with her hands to her head. "Get up, pray! I am not angry with him now. I forgive him."

She rose on her hands and knees, and waited, looking up intently into my face. In that attitude—more like a dog than a human being—she repeated her customary petition, when she wanted to fix words that interested her in her mind.

"Say it again!"

I did as she bade me. She was not satisfied.

"Say it as it is in the letter," she went on. "Say it as the Master said it to Me."

I looked back at the letter, and repeated the form of message contained in the latter part of it, word for word: "I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again."

She sprang to her feet at a bound. For the first time since she had entered the room her dull face began to break slowly into light and life.

"That's it!" she cried. "Hear if I can say it too! hear if I've got it by heart."

Teaching her, exactly as I should have taught a child, I slowly fastened the message, word by word, on her mind.

"Now rest yourself," I said; "and let me give you something to eat and drink, after your long walk."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs! She snatched up her stick from the floor, and burst out with a hoarse shout of joy. "I've got it by heart!" she cried. "This will cool the Master's head! Hooray!" She dashed out into the passage, like a wild animal escaping from its cage. I was just in time to see her tear open the garden gate, and set forth on her walk back at a pace which made it hopeless to attempt to follow and stop her.

I returned to the sitting-room, pondering on a question which has perplexed wiser heads than mine. Could a man who was hopelessly and entirely wicked have inspired such devoted attachment to him as Dexter had inspired in the faithful woman who had just left me—in the rough gardener, who had carried him out so gently on the previous night? Who can decide? The greatest scoundrel living always has a friend—in a woman, or a dog.

I sat down again at my desk, and made another attempt to write to Mr. Playmore.

Recalling, for the purpose of my letter, all that Miserrimus Dexter had said to me, my memory dwelt, with special interest, on the strange outbreak of feeling which had led him to betray the secret of his infatuation for Eustace's first wife. I saw again the ghastly scene in the death-chamber—the deformed creature crying over the corpse in the stillness of the first dark hours of the new day. The horrible picture took a strange hold on my mind. I rose and walked up and down, and tried to turn my thoughts some other way. It was not to be done: the scene was too familiar to me to be easily dismissed. I had myself visited the room, and looked at the bed. I had myself walked in the corridor which Dexter had crossed on his way to take his last leave of her.

The corridor? I stopped. My thoughts suddenly took a new direction, uninfluenced by any effort of my will.

What other association, besides the association with Dexter, did I connect with the corridor? Was it something I had seen during my visit to Gleninch? No. Was it something I had read? I snatched up the Report of the Trial to see. It opened at a page which contained the nurse's evidence. I read the evidence through again, without recovering the lost remembrance, until I came to these lines close at the end:

"Before bed-time I went up stairs to prepare the remains of the deceased lady for the coffin. The room in which she lay was locked, the door leading into Mr. Macallan's room being secured, as well as the door leading into the corridor. The keys had been taken away by Mr. Gale. Two of the men-servants were posted outside the bedroom to keep watch. They were to be relieved at four in the morning—that was all they could tell me."

There was my lost association with the corridor! There was what I ought to have remembered when Miserrimus Dexter was telling me of his visit to the dead!

How had he got into the bedroom—the doors being locked, and the keys being taken away by Mr. Gale? There was but one of the locked doors of which Mr. Gale had not got the key: the door of communication between the study and the bedroom. The key was missing from this. Had it been stolen? And was Dexter the thief? He might have passed by the men on the watch, while they were asleep; or he might have crossed the corridor, in an unguarded interval, while the men were being relieved. But how could he have got into the bed-chamber, except by way of the locked study door? He *must* have had the key! And he *must* have secreted it weeks before Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death! When the nurse first arrived at Gleninch, on the seventh of the month, her evidence declared the key of the door of communication to be then missing.

To what conclusion did these considerations and discoveries point? Had Miserrimus Dexter, in a moment of ungovernable agitation, unconsciously placed the clew in my hands? Was the pivot on which turned the whole mystery of the poisoning at Gleninch the missing key?

I went back for the third time to my desk. The one person who might be trusted to find the

"THE FIRST THING HE DID WAS TO CAUTION ME BY A SIGN TO BE SILENT."

answer to those questions was Mr. Playmore. I wrote him a full and careful account of all that had happened; I begged him to forgive and forget my ungracious reception of the advice which he had so kindly offered to me; and I promised beforehand to do nothing, without first consulting his opinion, in the new emergency which now confronted me. The day was fine, for the time of year; and by way of getting a little wholesome exercise, after the surprises and occupations of the morning, I took my letter to Mr. Playmore to the post.

Returning to the villa, I was informed that another visitor was waiting to see me: a civilized visitor this time, who had given her name. My mother-in-law—Mrs. Macallan.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE BEDSIDE.

BEFORE she had uttered a word, I saw in my mother-in-law's face that she brought bad news.

"Eustace?" I said.

She answered me by a look.

"Let me hear it at once!" I cried. "I can bear any thing but suspense."

Mrs. Macallan lifted her hand, and showed me a telegraphic dispatch which she had hitherto kept concealed in the folds of her dress.

"I can trust your courage," she said. "There is no need, my child, to prevaricate with you. Read that."

I read the telegram. It was sent by the chief surgeon of a field-hospital; and it was dated from a village in the north of Spain.

"Mr. Eustace severely wounded in a skirmish, by a stray shot. Not in danger, so far. Every care taken of him. Wait for another telegram."

I turned away my face, and bore as best I might the pang that wrung me when I read those words. I thought I knew how dearly I loved him: I had never known it till that moment.

My mother-in-law put her arm round me, and held me to her tenderly. She knew me well enough not to speak to me at that moment.

I rallied my courage, and pointed to the last sentence in the telegram.

"Do you mean to wait?" I asked.

"Not a day!" she answered. "I am going to the Foreign Office about my passport—I have some interest there: they can give me letters; they can advise and assist me. I leave to-night by the mail train to Calais."

"*You* leave?" I said. "Do you suppose I will let you go without me? Get my passport when you get yours. At seven this evening I will be at your house."

She attempted to remonstrate; she spoke of the perils of the journey. At the first words, I stopped her. "Don't you know yet, mother, how obstinate I am? They may keep you waiting at the Foreign Office. Why do you waste the precious hours here?"

She yielded with a gentleness that was not in her every-day character. "What will my poor Eustace ever know what a wife he has got!" That was all she said. She kissed me, and went away in her carriage.

My remembrances of our journey are strangely vague and imperfect.

As I try to recall them the memory of those more recent and more interesting events which occurred after my return to England gets between me and my adventures in Spain, and seems to force these last into a shadowy background, until they look like adventures that happened many years since. I confusedly recollect delays and alarms that tried our patience and our courage. I remember our finding friends (thanks to our letters of recommendation) in a Secretary to the Embassy, and in a Queen's Messenger, who assisted and protected us at a critical point in the journey. I recall to mind a long succession of men, in our employment as travelers, all equally remarkable for their dirty cloaks and their clean linen, for their highly civilized courtesy to women and their utterly barbarous cruelty to horses. Last, and most important of all, I see again, more clearly than I can see any thing else, the one wretched bedroom of a squalid village inn, in which we found our poor darling, prostrate between life and death, insensible to every thing that passed in the narrow little world that lay round his bedside.

There was nothing romantic or interesting in the accident which had put my husband's life in peril.

He had ventured too near the scene of the conflict (a miserable affair) to rescue a poor lad who lay wounded on the field—mortally wounded, as the event proved. A rifle-bullet had struck him in the body. His brethren of the field-hospital had carried him back to their quarters, at the risk of their lives. He was a great favorite with all of them; patient and gentle and brave; only wanting a little more judgment to be the most valuable recruit who had joined the brotherhood.

In telling me this, the surgeon kindly and delicately added a word of warning as well.

The fever caused by the wound had brought with it delirium, as usual. My poor husband's mind, in so far as his wandering words might interpret it, was filled by the one image of his wife. The medical attendant had heard enough, in the course of his ministrations at the bedside, to satisfy him that any sudden recognition of me by Eustace (if he recovered) might be attended by the most lamentable results. As things were at that sad time, I might take my turn at nursing him without the slightest chance of his discovering me, perhaps for weeks and weeks to come. But on the day when he was declared out of danger—if that happy day ever arrived—I must resign my place at his bedside, and must wait to show myself until the surgeon gave me leave.

My mother-in-law and I relieved each other regularly, day and night, in the sick-room.

In the hours of his delirium—hours that recurred with a pitiless regularity—my name was always on my poor darling's fevered lips. The ruling idea in him was the one dreadful idea which I had vainly combated at our last interview. In the face of the verdict pronounced at the Trial, it was impossible even for his wife to be really and truly persuaded that he was an innocent man. All the wild pictures which his distempered imagination drew were equally inspired by that one obstinate conviction. He fancied himself to be still living with me under those dreaded conditions. Do what he might, I was always recalling to him the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. He acted his part, and he acted mine. He gave me a cup of tea, and I said to him, "We quarreled yesterday, Eustace. Is it poisoned?" He kissed me in token of our reconciliation, and I laughed, and said, "It's morning now, my dear. Shall I die by nine o'clock to-night?" I was ill in bed, and he gave me my medicine. I looked at him with a doubting eye. I said to him, "You are in love with another woman. Is there any thing in the medicine that the doctor doesn't know of?" Such was the horrible drama which now perpetually acted itself in his mind. Hundreds and hundreds of times I heard him repeat it, almost always in the same words. On other occasions his thoughts wandered away to my desperate project of proving him to be an innocent man. Sometimes he laughed at it. Sometimes he mourned over it. Sometimes he devised cunning schemes for placing unsuspected obstacles in my way. He was especially hard on me when he was inventing his preventive stratagems; he cheerfully instructed the visionary people who assisted him not to hesitate at offending or distressing me. "Never mind if you make her angry, never mind if you make her cry. It's all for her good; it's all to save the poor fool from dangers she doesn't dream of. You mustn't pity her when she says she does it for my sake. See! she is going to be insulted; she is going to be deceived; she is going to disgrace herself without knowing it. Stop her! stop her!" It was weak of me, I know; I ought to have kept the plain fact that he was out of his senses always present to my mind. Still, it is true that my hours passed at my husband's pillow were many of them hours of mortification and misery, of which he, poor dear, was the innocent and only cause.

The weeks passed, and he still hovered between life and death.

I kept no record of the time, and I can not now recall the exact date on which the first favorable change took place. I only remember that it was toward sunrise on a fine winter morning when we were relieved at last of our heavy burden of suspense. The surgeon happened to be by the bedside when his patient woke. The first thing he did, after looking at Eustace, was to caution me by a sign to be silent, and to keep out of sight. My mother-in-law and I both knew what this meant. With full hearts, we thanked God together for giving us back the husband and the son.

The same evening, being alone, we ventured to speak of the future—for the first time since we had left home.

"The surgeon tells me," said Mrs. Macallan, "that Eustace is too weak to be capable of bearing any thing in the nature of a surprise for some days to come. We have time to consider whether he is or is not to be told that he owes his life as much to your care as to mine. Can you find it in your heart to leave him, Valeria, now that God's mercy has restored him to you and to me?"

"If I only consulted my own heart," I answered, "I should never leave him again."

Mrs. Macallan looked at me in grave surprise.

"What else have you to consult?" she asked.

"If we both live," I replied, "I have to think of the happiness of his life, and the happiness of mine, in the years that are to come. I can bear a great deal, mother, but I can not endure the misery of his leaving me for the second time."

"You wrong him, Valeria—I firmly believe you wrong him—in thinking it possible that he can leave you again!"

"Dear Mrs. Macallan, have you forgotten already what we have both heard him say of me while we have been sitting by his bedside?"

"We have heard the ravings of a man in delirium. It is surely hard to hold Eustace responsible for what he said when he was out of his senses?"

"It is harder still," I said, "to resist his mother when she is pleading for him. Dearest and best of friends! I don't hold Eustace responsible for what he said in the fever—but I *do* take warning by it. The wildest words that fell from him were, one and all, the faithful echo of what he said to me in the best days of his health and his strength. What hope have I that he will recover with an altered mind toward me? Absence has not changed it; suffering has not changed it. In the delirium of fever, and in the full possession of his reason, he has the same dreadful doubt of me. I see but one way of winning him back. I must destroy at its root his motive for leaving me. It is hopeless to persuade him that I believe in his innocence: I must show him that belief is no longer necessary; I must prove to him that his position toward me has become the position of an innocent man."

"Valeria! Valeria! you are wasting time and words. You have tried the experiment; and you know as well as I do the thing is not to be done."

I had no answer to that. I could say no more than I had said already.

"Suppose you go back to Dexter, out of sheer compassion for a mad and miserable wretch who has already insulted you," proceeded my mother-in-law. "You can only go back accompanied by me, or by some other trustworthy person. You can only stay long enough to humor the creature's wayward fancy, and to keep his crazy brain quiet for a time. That done, all is done—you leave him. Even supposing Dexter to be still capable of helping you, how can you make use of him but by admitting him to terms of confidence and familiarity—by treating him, in short, on the footing of an intimate friend? Answer me honestly: can you bring yourself to do that, after what happened at Mr. Benjamin's house?"

I had told her of my last interview with Miserrimus Dexter, in the natural confidence that she inspired in me as a relative and fellow-traveler; and this was the use to which she turned her information! I suppose I had no right to blame her; I suppose the motive sanctioned every thing. At any rate, I had no choice but to give offense, or to give an answer. I gave it. I acknowledged that I could never again permit Miserrimus Dexter to treat me on terms of familiarity, as a trusted and intimate friend.

Mrs. Macallan pitilessly pressed the advantage that she had won.

"Very well," she said, "that resource being no longer open to you, what hope is left? Which way are you to turn next?"

There was no meeting those questions, in my present situation, by any adequate reply. I felt strangely unlike myself—I submitted in silence. Mrs. Macallan struck the last blow that completed her victory.

"My poor Eustace is weak and wayward," she said, "but he is not an ungrateful man. My child! you have returned him good for evil—you have proved how faithfully and how devotedly you love him by suffering all hardships and risking all dangers for his sake. Trust me, and trust him! He can not resist you. Let him see the dear face that he has been dreaming of, looking at him again with all the old love in it, and he is yours once more, my daughter—yours for life." She rose and touched my forehead with her lips; her voice sank to tones of tenderness which I had never heard from her yet. "Say yes, Valeria," she whispered; "and be dearer to me and dearer to him than ever!"

My heart sided with her. My energies were worn out. No letter had arrived from Mr. Playmore to guide and to encourage me. I had resisted so long and so vainly, I had tried and suffered so much, I had met with such cruel disasters and such reiterated disappointments—and *he* was in the room beneath me, feebly finding his way back to consciousness and to life—how could I resist? It was all over. In saying Yes (if Eustace confirmed his mother's confidence in him), I was saying adieu to the one cherished ambition, the one dear and noble hope, of my life. I knew it—and I said Yes.

And so good-by to the grand struggle. And so welcome to the new resignation which owned that I had failed.

My mother-in-law and I slept together under the only shelter that the inn could offer to us—a sort of loft at the top of the house. The night that followed our conversation was bitterly cold. We felt the chilly temperature in spite of the protection of our dressing-gowns and our traveling wrappers. My mother-in-law slept, but no rest came to me. I was too anxious and too wretched, thinking over my changed position, and doubting how my husband would receive me, to be able to sleep.

Some hours, as I suppose, must have passed, and I was still absorbed in my own melancholy thoughts, when I suddenly became conscious of a new and strange sensation which astonished and alarmed me. I started up in the bed, breathless and bewildered. The movement awakened Mrs. Macallan. "Are you ill?" she asked. "What is the matter with you?" I tried to tell her, as well as I could. She seemed to understand me before I had done; she took me tenderly in her arms, and pressed me to her bosom. "My poor innocent child," she said, "is it possible you don't know? Must I really tell you?" She whispered her next words. Shall I ever forget the tumult of feelings which the whisper aroused in me—the strange medley of joy and fear, and wonder and relief, and pride and humility, which filled my whole being, and made a new woman of me from that moment? Now, for the first time, I knew it! If God spared me for a few months more, the most enduring and the most sacred of all human joys might be mine—the joy of being a mother.

I don't know how the rest of the night passed. I only find my memory again, when the morning came, and when I went out by myself to breathe the crisp wintry air on the open moor behind the inn.

I have said that I felt like a new woman. The morning found me with a new resolution and a new courage. When I thought of the future, I had not only my husband to consider now. His good name was no longer his own and mine—it might soon become the most precious inheritance that he could leave to his child. What had I done while I was in ignorance of this? I had resigned the hope of cleansing his name from the stain that rested on it—a stain still, no matter how little it might look in the eye of the Law. Our child might live to hear malicious tongues say, "Your father was tried for the vilest of all murders, and was never absolutely acquitted of the charge." Could I face the glorious perils of childbirth with that possibility present to my mind? No! not until I had made one more effort to lay the conscience of Miserrimus Dexter bare to my view! not until I had once again renewed the struggle, and brought the truth that vindicated the husband and the father to the light of day!

I went back to the house, with my new courage to sustain me. I opened my heart to my friend and mother, and told her frankly of the change that had come over me since we had last spoken of Eustace.

She was more than disappointed, she was almost offended with me. The one thing needful had happened, she said. The happiness that might soon come to us would form a new tie between my husband and me. Every other consideration but this she treated as purely fanciful. If I left Eustace now, I did a heartless thing and a foolish thing. I should regret to the end of my days having thrown away the one golden opportunity of my married life.

It cost me a hard struggle, it oppressed me with many a painful doubt; but I held firm this time. The honor of the father, the inheritance of the child—I kept those thoughts as constantly as possible before my mind. Sometimes they failed me, and left me nothing better than a poor fool who had some fitful bursts of crying, and was always ashamed of herself afterward. But my native obstinacy (as Mrs. Macallan said) carried me through. Now and then I had a peep at Eustace while he was asleep; and that helped me too. Though they made my heart ache and shook me sadly at the time, those furtive visits to my husband fortified me afterward. I can not explain how this happened (it seems so contradictory); I can only repeat it as one of my experiences at that troubled time.

I made one concession to Mrs. Macallan—I consented to wait for two days before I took any steps for returning to England, on the chance that my mind might change in the interval.

It was well for me that I yielded so far. On the second day the director of the field-hospital sent to the post-office, at our nearest town, for letters addressed to him or to his care. The messenger brought back a letter for me. I thought I recognized the handwriting, and I was right. Mr. Playmore's answer had reached me at last!

If I had been in any danger of changing my mind, the good lawyer would have saved me in the nick of time. The extract that follows contains the pith of his letter, and shows how he encouraged me, when I stood in sore need of a few cheering and friendly words.

"Let me now tell you" (he wrote) "what I have done toward verifying the conclusion to which your letter points.

"I have traced one of the servants who was appointed to keep watch in the corridor on the night when the first Mrs. Eustace died at Gleninch. The man perfectly remembers that Miserrimus Dexter suddenly appeared before him and his fellow-servant, long after the house was quiet for the night. Dexter said to them, 'I suppose there is no harm in my going into the study to read? I can't sleep, after what has happened; I must relieve my mind somehow.' The men had no orders to keep any one out of the study. They knew that the door of communication with the bed-chamber was locked, and that the keys of the two other doors of communication were in the possession of Mr. Gale. They accordingly permitted Dexter to go into the study. He closed the door (the door that opened on the corridor), and remained absent for some time—in the study, as the men supposed; in the bed-chamber, as *we* know, from what he let out at his interview with you. Now he could enter that room, as you rightly imagine, in but one way—by being in possession of the missing key. How long he remained there I can not discover. The point is of little consequence. The servant remembers that he came out of the study again 'as pale as death,' and that he passed on without a word on his way back to his own room.

"These are facts. The conclusion to which they lead is serious in the last degree. It justifies every thing that I confided to you in my office at Edinburgh. You remember what passed between us. I say no more.

"As to yourself next. You have innocently aroused in Miserrimus Dexter a feeling toward you which I need not attempt to characterize. There is a certain something—I saw it myself—in your figure and in some of your movements which does recall the late Mrs. Eustace to those who knew her well, and which has evidently had its effect on Dexter's morbid mind. Without dwelling farther on this subject, let me only remind you that he has shown himself (as a consequence of your influence over him) to be incapable, in his moments of agitation, of thinking before he speaks, while he is in your presence. It is not merely possible, it is highly probable, that he may betray himself far more seriously than he has betrayed himself yet, if you give him the opportunity. I owe it to you (knowing what your interests are) to express myself plainly on this point. I have no sort of doubt that you have advanced one step nearer to the end which you have in view, in the brief interval since you left Edinburgh. I see in your letter (and in my discoveries) irresistible evidence that Dexter must have been in secret communication with the deceased lady (innocent communication, I am certain, so far as *she* was concerned), not only at the time of her death, but perhaps for weeks before it. I can not disguise from myself, or from you, my own strong persuasion that, if you succeed in discovering the nature of this communication, in all human likelihood you prove your husband's innocence by the discovery of the truth. As an honest man, I am bound not to conceal this. And, as an honest man also, I am equally bound to add that, not even with your reward in view, can I find it in my conscience to advise you to risk what you must risk if you see Miserrimus Dexter again. In this difficult and delicate matter, I can not and will not take the responsibility: the final decision must rest with yourself. One favor only I entreat you to grant—let me hear what you resolve to do as soon as you know it yourself."

The difficulties which my worthy correspondent felt were no difficulties to me. I did not

possess Mr. Playmore's judicial mind. My resolution was settled before I had read his letter through.

The mail to France crossed the frontier the next day. There was a place for me, under the protection of the conductor, if I chose to take it. Without consulting a living creature—rash as usual, headlong as usual—I took it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday, 10.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday, 14.—First Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday, 17.} *Friday*, 19.} Ember-Days. *Saturday*, 20.}
Sunday, 21.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday, 24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday, 28.—Third Sunday in Lent.

MARCH.

Sunday, 7.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 14.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 21.—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday, 26.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 27.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 28.—Easter-Day.

THE death of Canon KINGSLEY will be felt almost as much in our own country as in England. His recent visit to the United States greatly enlarged the circle of his American friends. His numerous works in verse and prose have been quickly republished and eagerly read here. He was no orator, and yet a popular preacher; his sermons in Westminster Abbey were listened to by large congregations. Though a Church dignitary, he had all his life been engaged in the work of raising up the poor and the lowly. He was a lover of his kind, and had a heart full of sweet charity for all men. Few leaders of opinion will be more missed in England than CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have sent a third missionary, the Rev. JOHN EDWARDS, to Guadalajara, Mexico. This is the field within the bounds of which Mr. STEPHENS was murdered. Messrs. WATKINS and MORGAN are the two missionaries already on the ground.

The receipts of the American Board for the first third of the present financial year were $151,604, an advance of $21,372 over the same period of the year preceding.

The *Christian Register* gives, from a Leipsic paper, a very touching account of the funeral of TISCHENDORF, the eminent Biblical scholar. The company in attendance was very large, "including the military and civil authorities, the professors of the university, the societies of students, the trades and guilds of the city—conspicuous among them the booksellers—and a great concourse of citizens generally." The services lasted for three hours. At TISCHENDORF's house an address was delivered by his pastor and friend, Dr. AHLFIELD; he was followed by Professor KAHNIS, author of the *History of Protestantism in Germany*, and TISCHENDORF's intimate associate in university life. At the grave the mourners were encircled by the university students, and another address was delivered by Professor LUTHARDT. Answering choirs of students sang appropriate songs, when the services were closed with another address. TISCHENDORF is described as a modest and simple-hearted man, who won the love of all who knew him.

One of the Presbyterian contributions to the Centennial Celebration next year will be a statue to the memory of the Rev. JOHN WITHERSPOON, President of the College of New Jersey, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On Monday, January 25, a public meeting was held in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, to further this scheme. Colonel J. ROSS SNOWDEN, of the Assembly's committee, stated that $5000 would be needed at once to commence the work.

An important meeting was held in Calcutta in November for the purpose of forming an East Indian branch of the Liberation Society. Thirty ministers and pastors were present, representing the Baptist, Congregationalist, English Wesleyan, American Methodist, and Scotch Free Churches. A carefully prepared paper was read by the Rev. J. ALLEN, of Dacca, on the expediency of maintaining a church establishment in India. A resolution was offered declaring it to be desirable that efforts be made to separate the church from the state, and, after a full discussion, was unanimously adopted. A committee was appointed to consider how best to carry out the proposal, and instructed to report at a future meeting.

In an address at Birmingham, January 25, to his constituents, Mr. JOHN BRIGHT spoke strongly against the connection of church and state in England. According to the cable report, he pointed to the divisions among the clergy and bishops, condemned the excessive Church revenues, the appointment of clergymen by private patronage, and the sale of livings. The Church of England alone among Protestant denominations furnished numerous converts to Rome. In conclusion, he did not ask his hearers to declare for disestablishment; he would only ask them to consider the question as reasonable beings. He declined to enter upon an agitation to hasten disestablishment, but that would be a great day for freedom, Protestantism, and Christianity which would see the full, free disestablishment of the Church. The next day the Marquis of Hartington replied at Lewes to Mr. BRIGHT. He expressed the opinion that the English people were not prepared for disestablishment.

The incidental testimonies which we from time to time receive of the success of new methods adopted by the government for Christianizing and civilizing the Indians are very satisfactory. A committee appointed by the Presbytery of Oregon to examine the condition of the Warm Spring Indians reports that "many of them are well advanced in the arts of civilized life, living in comfortable houses, and having good teams, wagons, and farming implements, and cultivating the soil almost as successfully as their white neighbors. Their children are going to school and learning our language. Most of them read and write, and have made considerable progress in geography and arithmetic."

The Warm Spring Indians are not quite 800 in number; a Presbyterian Church has been organized among them of thirty members.

Some of the Sisters of Charity who had been expelled from Mexico, and were on their way to France, were arrested at Vera Cruz for the abduction of a young girl. The girl, who testified that the Sisters were forcing her to go with them, has been restored to her parents. The women of Guanajuato have issued a protest against the expulsion of the Sisters from the country.

The Pope has appointed the year 1875 to be a year of jubilee. Years of jubilee are in the Church seasons of special grace, which is granted to all the faithful who perform certain spiritual exercises. It is the crown of the system of indulgences. The last was held in 1825, and there should have been another in 1850, but the troubled condition of the Church prevented.

The King of Sweden has signed a bill recently passed by the Swedish Parliament enabling women, by means of a marriage contract, to retain the control of their property. A large number of the clergy opposed the bill on the ground that as Christ is the head of the Church, the man is the head of his household, and that equality between man and wife is therefore abnormal.

The facts have been noted that in Franklin, Massachusetts, the Congregationalist, Baptist, and Universalist churches united in the exercises of the "Week of Prayer," and that in Terre Haute, Indiana, one of the union meetings of the same week was held in a Universalist church, and led by a Methodist.

The President of Chili and his supporters are endeavoring to obtain the separation of church and state. They desire also to establish civil marriage, the civil registration of births and deaths, and to place the cemeteries under the control of civil officers. Large meetings in support of the government have been held all over the country. During the recent session of the Chilian Congress the ultramontane Senators secured the rejection of a clause in the reformed penal code which ordered severe punishment to be inflicted on all who interfered, by word or deed, with any form of worship permitted in the republic. The Church of Rome is at present the only one recognized by the constitution.

A call has been made for a Conference of all the Christian missionaries now laboring in China, to be similar in its objects to the Conference which was held in Allahabad, India. October, 1876, is named as the time and Shanghai as the place of the Conference. The call issued sets forth that "if the missionaries in China could see the way to the adoption of common plans, common school-books, common translations, and the preparation of a definite course of scientific works, and by a well-arranged division of labor could vigorously carry out the measures agreed upon, it is clear such action would greatly aid the elevation of the people, and promote the glory of God."

The *Church Times*, the Anglo-Catholic organ, still continues to speak emphatically for disestablishment. In a recent article it says: "We have always held that establishment is, and always has been, nothing but a hinderance. The honors and emoluments, the dignities and the positions of power, which belong to a state Church are not for us; and we are actually told that though we erect our own buildings and find our own revenues, we are making use of the endowments and the prestige of a national institution for our private ends! Disestablishment has no terrors for us. We should hardly feel it as an evil at all; and the moment it came, at least nine-tenths of the calumnies, misrepresentations, and mistakes against which we have to struggle would melt into thin air. If we have not taken up the cause, and if we do not take it up now, it is from pure unselfishness and a desire to shield our bitter enemies from the tribulation and woe that Mr. MIALL would bring upon them."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN's reply to Mr. GLADSTONE has appeared, and is already republished in this country. He accepts the decrees of the Vatican Council, but is very far from exhibiting the aggressive spirit of Archbishop MANNING, or asserting the claims of the Church as offensively as Monsignor CAPEL. He seems to have both these distinguished leaders in his mind when he says, "There are some among us who, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flames." Were he a soldier or sailor in her Majesty's service, he would not, against his conscience, obey an order of the Pope directing him to quit that service. He limits the papal infallibility "to matters speculative," and believes that the Pope's "prerogative of authority is no infallibility in laws, commands, or measures."

A canon (VON RICHTHOVEN) in Breslau who declared himself in favor of Old Catholicism, without withdrawing from the Church, was excommunicated by the Bishop of Breslau. As he continued to receive his salary as canon from the state, the chapter of the cathedral lately petitioned the German government to deprive him of his living. This the government refused to do, on the ground that Old Catholics hold the same relation to the state as other Catholics.

The Rev. R. THOMAS, of Wycliffe Chapel, England, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Harvard Church, Boston.

There is no abatement of the great success of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY to be chronicled as yet. At the last of the meetings held in Manchester Mr. MOODY delivered an address in aid of a proposal to purchase at a cost of £30,000 a building for the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. A large sum was collected on the spot. The two evangelists proceeded next to Sheffield. The arrangements for that city had been nearly broken up by the threat of an incumbent to prosecute, in the event of a house-to-house visitation, any one who intruded into his parish. The Episcopal clergy thereupon withdrew from the committee of arrangements, and Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY declined to go to Sheffield. The matter was, however, compromised by the abandonment of the scheme of house-to-house visitation. Of the opening meeting the Sheffield *Independent* says: "Fully a quarter of an hour before the time announced for the services the lower room was filled to overflowing, and the enthusiastic though deeply reverential feeling that pervaded the audience was manifested by the hearty manner in which they sang several American hymns before the arrival of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY." With each successive meeting the crowds increased, until they became so large that the hall could contain no more than a part of the vast numbers who sought admittance. The impression made by Mr. MOODY can be gathered from the following description, which we take from an English paper: "He is not an attractive man in his person, being short, thick-necked, and a little bronzed—not unlike a sea-captain. His enunciation is not very distinct, so that hearers at a little distance from him lose much of what he says. He does not affect elegance. He deals largely in illustration, is intensely emotional, and now and again treats his hearers to the broad humor of his countrymen." From Sheffield the two evangelists proceed to Liverpool, where a building capable of accommodating 10,000 persons is in preparation for their use. It will cost £7000. Here they will spend a month.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago we gave our readers an item in regard to the present prosperity of common schools in Russia, and the proposed plan of compulsory education which had been brought before the Privy Council at St. Petersburg. In connection with the subject of general education in Russia, some information given by a correspondent of the London *Times* in regard to schools for girls in St. Petersburg will be interesting. There are now in the Russian capital city eight "gymnasia," or girls' day-schools, one of which is a preparatory school for girls under ten. The whole number of pupils is 3500. The cost of tuition is fifty or sixty rubles a year for each scholar. The government pays one-fourth of the expenses of the schools. In these institutions children of all classes mingle freely together, but the majority are from the middle ranks. They dress plainly, and each pupil is required to make her own clothes, needle-work being compulsory in all the schools. The regular course of instruction occupies seven years. All are taught the French and German languages, but English is an optional study. The buildings are roomy and well arranged, and in the largest of these establishments there are 600 pupils. There seems to be an ample supply of professors and teachers, and in some, if not all, of the schools those of different religious belief receive religious instruction twice a week from clergymen of their own faith.

A remarkable experiment has been tried, or rather is being tried, in St. Petersburg in regard to the medical education of women. For the past three years two hundred and forty young women have been pursuing a regular course of study (lasting four years) at the Academy of Medicine. They are instructed by regular professors, but in classes separate from the young men. These pupils come from all parts of the empire, their expenses being chiefly paid by the districts they represent, the condition being that after graduating they will practice their profession in those districts. What the result of this experiment will be remains to be seen, but certainly St. Petersburg gives excellent educational facilities to girls and young women, and the general beneficial effect can not fail to be felt throughout the whole of Russia.

Preliminary calculations made at Greenwich, England, on data obtained during the recent transit of Venus indicate that we are something like 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than we used to be—or, rather, than astronomers formerly computed. At that rate, we shall fall into the sun before long. Exact calculations will doubtless modify this alarming conclusion.

It is estimated that about forty thousand Northerners will visit Florida before spring. Many have already gone. Well, the roses and japonicas are in bloom there, and the strawberries are half ripe.

In a case involving the value of the franc in invoices of foreign goods, which was recently tried in Washington, Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, gave the opinion that the meaning of the following statute was unmistakable: "The value of foreign coin, as expressed in the money of account of the United States, shall be that of the pure metal of such coin of the standard value." According to this rule the French franc, compared with United States coin, is worth nineteen cents, three mills, as ascertained by the Superintendent of the Mint, and published by the Treasury.

Of the 172 patients received into the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum during 1874, 152 were users of tobacco in some form. Sixty-five had received an academic education, and twenty-eight a collegiate one.

Among the California salmon planted in the Des Moines River, Iowa, is one fish with two heads, and another which has two tails.

Very curious it is about the number of people who crossed the East River ice bridge on January 23. A Brooklyn newspaper informs its readers that "between two and three hundred" crossed the bridge; a New York paper says "about five thousand persons" passed over on the ice; while a third journal remarks, "It is estimated that twenty thousand persons crossed safely upon the temporary structure." Quite a difference! Which shall we believe? What a pity somebody did not actually count the daring pedestrians!

Avalanches are reported from the Rocky Mountains. In Nevada, a party of Chinamen were cutting wood upon the mountain slopes when a snow-slide swept over them, and half of them perished. Near Salt Lake City also miners working on the slope have been buried in the sliding snow.

Might there not be a society formed to rescue the children of wealthy parents from the cruelty of being in bondage to fine clothes? Many a little girl is deprived of all comfort in her play lest she should soil her frock or tear her fine garments. Many a boy is most uncomfortably restricted in all boyish sport because he is scolded if his handsome trowsers get muddy, or a rent appears in his too fine jacket. Children want to run and jump and tumble about, and unnecessary restraints imposed upon them become so many chains which are none the less burdensome because they chance to be golden. For common wear, even the children of the rich should be allowed such clothes as will leave them free to enjoy child life without the apprehension of "spoiling" them forever hanging over their heads.

The present season has proved very trying to persons with weak lungs. It is stated that there are now a greater number of patients in the New York City Hospital who are suffering from affections of the lungs than during any winter for several years.

During the severely cold term which occurred about the middle of January the Commissioners of City Works in Brooklyn became apprehensive that there might be a water famine. It appeared that on some of the coldest days there was an extraordinary consumption of Ridgewood water, explainable only on the supposition that housekeepers kept the water flowing lest it might freeze in and burst the pipes. Special cautions and instructions in regard to the use of water were made public by the Commissioners.

Some years ago a curious plant was discovered, whose fragrant white flowers were produced underneath the leaves, suspended, as it were, from the midrib. For some time its structure was not understood; but recently a distinguished European botanist has found a very simple explanation of this peculiarity. The flower stem has simply grown to the midrib in early life, and so perfectly as to seem part of the midrib. It has grown up from the axil of a lower leaf until it reached and attached itself to the under surface of the one above. Other instances are mentioned of floral organs which are first formed separately, but afterward adhere more or less perfectly to other parts of the plant.

In 1873 there were reported in England no less than 281,400 art pupils in the various schools for special instruction in art.

Heinrich von Treitschke, the historian, succeeded admirably as a member of the German Parliament, although entirely deaf. He mingled freely in the debates, made excellent speeches, and answered his adversaries' attacks as readily as any of his colleagues. He was able thus to take part in the discussions not by use of finger-language, nor by reading the motion of a speaker's lips, but by the services of a friend who acted as an amanuensis or reporter, writing down, word for word, every speech delivered in the House.

In the early part of this century college students were accustomed to wear caps and gowns; but the attempt made in some of our colleges to revive this old style does not meet with general approbation. In fact, some students have made themselves quite ridiculous by their effort in this direction.

About Christmas-time some valuable art treasures were unearthed in the ruins which cover much of the site of ancient Rome. Workmen had been employed in clearing away débris for the purpose of leveling the streets newly marked out upon the Esquiline. They were digging among the ruins of an ancient edifice, situated within the limits of the Villa Palombara, where many works of art have been found. The first piece of sculpture discovered was a head of Venus of pure Parian marble; afterward a bust of Commodus, two Tritons, a statue of Bacchus, and two draped female statues. The body of the Venus was also found later. All these works of art are believed to be of great value, but the gem of the collection is the Venus, as it is called. It is thought to be a copy from a masterpiece.

Coughing in church is often a serious annoyance to the cougher and to the hearers. Coughing seems involuntary, yet it is really much under the control of the will. It is related of the famous Scotch preacher, Dr. M'Crie, that one Sunday, during the service, he was much annoyed by the incessant coughing, and the audience evidently shared his annoyance. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence. Every eye turned to the pulpit in wonder, and for a full minute there was absolute silence. The doctor then said, good-humoredly, "I see, my friends, you can be quiet when I am quiet." There was little coughing during the remainder of the service.

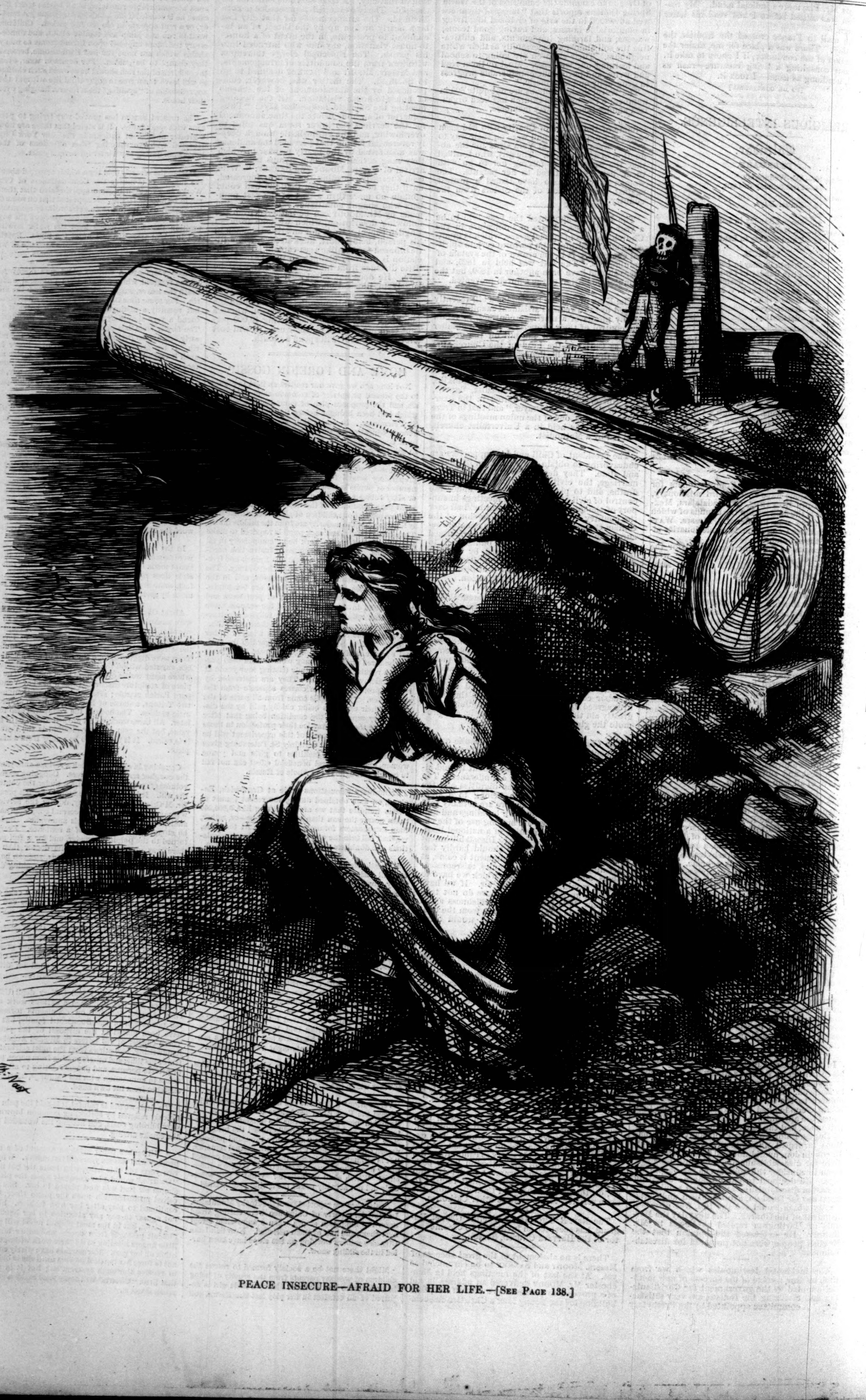
An Iowa City man recently sawed out a cake of ice that had frozen in it a bass, perfect to the end of its fins.

Snow blockades are reported on the Western railways, which have caused much suffering among passengers. The extreme cold weather added greatly to the discomfort produced by a meagre supply of food and lack of water. Snow was melted for drinking water, and also to supply the locomotives.

The director of the Royal Gallery degli Uffizi, at Florence, has just published a curious work on Michael Angelo, founded on documents formerly in the possession of the Buonarotti family, but which have been placed at the disposal of the publisher. These consist of 700 letters in Michael Angelo's own handwriting, 1400 others from the most celebrated artists of his time, and others coming from popes, princes, or private persons, and papers relating to all the contracts in connection with his paintings, bearing small sketches from his own hand.

If a flesh-wound is painful, it is said the pain will be quickly relieved by sprinkling common brown sugar over burning coals, and holding the wounded part in the smoke arising.

A Milwaukee paper gives an account of a musical prodigy who was six years old last month. When only two years old this baby, who bears the pet name of "Cherrie," would play correctly upon the piano any simple air that was first played to her. She has received no instruction upon the piano since, but has continued to play after her own fashion. She does not appear to pay any attention to her hands, or to the piano, but in the most playful mood will perform difficult passages from operas and other music, her little fingers seeming to do their work without any volition on her part. Her parents have wisely concluded not to force her musical powers until she is old enough to receive thorough instruction; but it is probable that little "Cherrie" will some time make a stir in the musical world.



PEACE INSECURE—AFRAID FOR HER LIFE.—[See Page 138.]

PEACE SECURE—SAFE AND PROTECTED.—[See Page 138.]

ON THE DOOR-STEP.

We were sitting on the door-step—
I remember it so well;
She was half in shadow hidden,
Save where the moonlight fell,
And on the dear head resting,
With its wavy, soft brown hair,
Made more than ever lovely
The face I thought so fair.

I know we talked but little,
And at last, beneath the stone,
We heard the cricket chirping
So clearly all alone,
Till my heart had mustered courage
To tell her, then and there,
How for her sweet sake truly
'Twould all things do and dare.

Then came the soft, shy answer,
As her shining eyes drooped low:
"My heart is mine no longer;
'Twas yielded long ago!"
And even as she doomed me
To misery and pain,
The soft cheeks filled with dimples,
Gathering o'er and o'er again.

How well I now remember
That, turning fast away,
I would not heed the whisper
That softly bade me stay,
Till, at the low gate turning,
Her face once more to see,
I saw the tear-drops shining
In the eyes that followed me.

Ah! then, with heart fast beating,
To her side I turned again.
"Oh, tell me, Madge, my darling,
Has my love been all in vain?
You do not love another?
Your words were only play?
Look up, and answer truly—
Madge, *must* I go away?"

Again the dimples gathered,
E'en while the moon's pure light
Betrayed the tears still shining
Like dew-drops soft and bright.
"My heart is mine no longer;
I have given it, 'tis true:
Why could you not have waited?
Because—ah! I meant you!"

PEACE—INSECURE AND SECURE.

Mr. Nast's vigorous and timely cartoons on our opening pages strikingly illustrate the dangers to which the President called the attention of Congress in his message of January 20 on our sea-coast defenses. The urgent necessity for effective legislation on the armament of fortifications and the more efficient equipment of our navy must be apparent to every one who has paid attention to the gigantic progress made by European nations in this direction. Unreflecting persons are apt to regard the army and navy as expensive luxuries in time of peace, as if an efficient military and naval service could be improvised in case of war as easily as a town-meeting could be organized. Our happy situation, protected by the broad Atlantic against foreign invasion, precludes the necessity of such an immense standing army as Germany, France, Russia, and Austria are each compelled to maintain. No European nation would be guilty of the madness of attempting to invade this country. But in the event of a war with a foreign naval power the whole extent of our sea-coast might be ravaged by a hostile fleet, our sea-board cities blockaded or captured, and an incalculable amount of damage inflicted upon our commerce for want of the preparations which the President recommends. It appears from the report of the Chief of Ordnance that the armament of our coast fortifications would be about as serviceable against the iron-clad ships of England, or even of Spain, as the wooden guns in Mr. Nast's cartoon. We are behind every other nation in this respect. We have strong forts with guns a Spanish iron-clad would laugh at; and a fort, as the Chief of Ordnance justly says, without its armament is not a fort at all. Cannon can not be purchased ready-made in market; they have to be manufactured at large cost and under special facilities and conditions. This can only be done in time of peace, and is a means of preserving peace, although a preparation for war.

DR. LAMBERT.

Near the city of Valmont, about half a mile from the New Gate, on the road to Florissant, stands an old stone house rather the worse for age, but still quite habitable.

The chief feature of that venerable dwelling is the outside staircase by which the second story is reached. At the top of these stairs is a wide landing-place, surrounded by an iron balustrade, and almost filled with green boxes, in which bloom profusely a variety of bright and fragrant flowers.

But what first attracts attention to the place is a belt of small arbors and summer-houses, each surrounded by a narrow flower bed. These green retreats are furnished with tables and seats, and look very cozy and inviting.

The owner of this quiet yet cheerful abode was a Miss Morette, fair and forty and reasonably fat; rather short in stature; quick, bright, and apparently happy, as she deserved to be, for she spent her whole life in doing good.

Miss Morette was not very rich, but she used to say that when there is enough for two there is enough for twelve; it only needed good management and wise economy. She practiced the economy upon herself, and gave to others the benefit of the management.

That second story, with the flowery stairs, was devoted to hospitality. During the whole summer it was filled with visitors—old ladies who needed sunshine, tired seamstresses who needed rest, young girls and children who needed fresh air and country milk. These were Miss Morette's guests. And as she kept but one servant, and did not allow her invalids to work too much, her own hands were seldom idle.

Besides her home duties, she had many outdoor patients to attend to. Early every morning she filled two covered baskets with fruit and flowers, and immediately after her frugal breakfast she started for the city with a basket on each arm, walking briskly, and singing to herself as she went. When she reached the city she threaded her way quietly through the narrowest of its many narrow streets, and for a while only short glimpses of her small person could be had as she flitted from house to house.

In one of her visitations Miss Morette heard that in the next tenement a poor widow had been taken suddenly ill and was supposed to be dying. She went to see her, and found her, as had been reported, evidently near her end.

The poor woman was greatly distressed at the thought of leaving her child unprotected. "I don't care for myself," she said, "but I can't bear to have her go to the hospital."

"Of course not," said Miss Morette. "She is a very pretty child; but what makes her look so pale?"

"Rickets," groaned the woman. "She is six years old, for all she looks so small. And think of her going to the hospital!"

"She need not go to the hospital. I will take her myself. I live in the country, and I will take good care of her. Will you give her to me?" asked Miss Morette, with tears in her eyes.

The dying woman blessed and thanked her; she was willing to die now.

"Suzette," said Miss Morette to her faithful servant, "I am going to bring here a lovely little girl. She is sick and an orphan, so we must take her."

Suzette was quite willing. She adored her mistress, and had often expressed a desire to "kiss the ground she trod on." But more important duties had always prevented her from putting that wish into action, and scrubbing the floors had been her nearest approach to that ideal form of worship.

The next day the motherless child was brought to her new home, and became the pet of the household. She had the face of an angel, but she was weak and sickly.

"Country air will do much for her," said Miss Morette to herself, "and if art could assist nature, I am certain she would soon get well. But good doctors are such expensive blessings!"

The kind little lady was in the habit of prescribing for her family patients. Her father had been a physician, and had left her, besides all his books, a recipe for making pills of such miraculous virtues that they, or the fear of them, had never yet failed to cure any disease.

But this was a different case, and required a different treatment. So having passed in review all the physicians of Valmont, Miss Morette made up her mind to consult Dr. Lambert.

She arrayed herself in her best dress—a brown foulard silk with white dots, a cherry-colored crape shawl that had belonged to her mother, and a respectable white straw bonnet trimmed with brown. Thus becomingly attired, she departed one fine June morning, holding a brown parasol in one hand, and in the other a purple velvet reticule containing her knitting; for she might have to wait, and time was too precious to be lost.

Every body in Valmont knew Dr. Lambert, and could relate his history, with variations, but it was generally acknowledged that he was "an original."

His reputation as a physician was great. Yet, although he was only a little over fifty, he had almost given up his profession, and practiced only when it suited him. But it was difficult to tell when it would suit him, for he was capricious, and took strong likes or dislikes to people without any apparent reason.

He was not partial to the fair sex, and seldom consented to take a woman under his care unless she was poor. This peculiarity was accounted for by the romantic supposition that he had been deceived in early youth by the woman he loved. The only thing people did not agree upon was the selection of the faithless one.

Whatever the doctor might have been in his youth, he was now ugly, cross, and crusty. Yet there were those among his patients who thought him an angel of kindness. To his honor be it said, these were poor people, who did not pay, and who sorely tried the short patience of their beloved doctor by their long explanations and senseless fear of death.

The only intimate friend of Dr. Lambert was his dog Fido. They went every where together, and on fine afternoons the doctor and his dog might always be seen sitting at the window, looking at what happened in the street, and exchanging opinions thereupon; for the doctor seriously believed that Fido understood what was said to him, and that he made distinct and very sensible remarks upon all subjects worth discussing. And no one had ever dared to contradict the doctor.

Miss Morette arrived at the top of the steep street in which the nobility of Valmont chiefly congregate, and where Dr. Lambert had lived for a period of thirty years. She rang the bell of a large stone house, of which he occupied the second floor, and was admitted into the antechamber by the doctor's housekeeper.

Jeannette had shared the vicissitudes of domestic life with the doctor during twenty-five years. She was acquainted with his ways, and declared on all proper occasions that he was the best and kindest of masters.

"Can I see the doctor?" asked Miss Morette, with an engaging smile.

That smile reached Jeannette's heart, and she became instantly confidential. "I am afraid not, ma'am. This is one of his bad days, so to speak, and he wouldn't be easy to deal with. Is it for yourself, ma'am?"

"No; it is for a little girl, and I want to see him so much!"

"Well, you might try, if it is an urgent case. But it won't be pleasant for you; he is rather cross this morning."

"Oh, I do not mind that at all," said Miss Morette, cheerfully; "it will not hurt me."

"No, ma'am; it is all bark and no bite. Only don't look as if you were afraid of him, for he can't bear that."

Then she knocked at the doctor's door.

"Come in," said a sonorous voice.

Jeannette insinuated her head within the room. "It is a lady to consult you about a child, Sir."

There was no answer. Taking silence for consent, Jeannette gently pushed Miss Morette into the lion's den.

The doctor was seated at his desk, in one corner of the room, reading. He neither turned his head nor spoke; he seemed buried in his book. Miss Morette walked quietly to a green sofa, seated herself upon it, unpinned her shawl, took out her work, and began to knit.

Fido came up to her, and the smell of her dress being pleasant to his nose, he tried her hand. A few dumb civilities were exchanged between them, after which Fido stretched himself at Miss Morette's feet and continued his nap.

When the doctor got tired of reading he began to write, which he did with great vigor and a loudly scratching pen.

About fifteen minutes had passed in this way, when Miss Morette suddenly broke the silence. "Oh dear!" she exclaimed, piteously.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" asked the doctor, gruffly.

"No, indeed, Sir."

"Then why do you disturb me?"

"I am sorry. I did not mean to speak, but I dropped a stitch just as I was taking up the heel, and— But I don't suppose you know any thing about knitting stockings."

Then the doctor turned round and looked at his visitor. He saw a plump little figure, a face still fresh and fair, two small clouds of short grayish curls, and two blue eyes that met his with a smile. Her clothes were old-fashioned, but not cheap. She was neither rich nor poor, neither old nor young, neither bold nor yet afraid. The doctor did not know whether to be cross or not.

"So you have taken the trouble to come here to tell me I did not know any thing about stockings?" Dr. Lambert spoke sneeringly, but his small yellow-brown eyes twinkled pleasantly under their bushy eyebrows.

"No, Sir; I came to speak to you about a little girl. And as I have interrupted you, perhaps you might hear me now, and then I can go away."

And without waiting for an answer, Miss Morette stated the case as briefly as possible.

"Pooh! It is nothing," said the doctor. "Give her plenty of milk and fresh air, and she will get well."

"Yes, Sir. But I should like to have you look at her."

"Do you suppose I cure people by looking at them?"

"No, Sir. But you might see—"

"Ah, yes—see! That is the way with all women; they always want you to see. But I, madam, have no time to waste upon sight-seeing. Where do you live?"

"Not very far, Sir; only half a mile—"

"Half a mile! Do you think I would walk half a mile on such a hot day to see any body?"

"It is not so hot after you have passed the bridges, because there are so many trees. It is on the road to Florissant, the third house on the left from the Green Road. And perhaps you might ride—"

"Perhaps I might. Allow me to say, however, that I am still able to walk. But I will not go so far. I have no time. And I will not go anyway," said the doctor, working himself into a little storm.

Miss Morette gathered up her knitting, and asked, serenely, "Do I owe you any thing, Sir?"

"No, madam, no. I am happy to say that you owe me nothing. I wish you good-day."

Miss Morette returned home, somewhat disappointed, but greatly interested. "What a strange man he is," she thought. "He is so terribly cross, and yet he has such warm, bright eyes, as if there was so much goodness in him, somewhere, if you could only get at it!"

That same afternoon, while Miss Morette was bending over her flowers, she heard the click of the garden gate, then a long shadow projected itself across the flower bed, and a gruff voice above her said, "Where is that child?"

She arose quickly. Dr. Lambert stood before her. Without expressing her surprise, she led him to the house, and introduced the child. "This is my little Pauline, doctor."

The doctor tried his best to be cross, but he could not do it. Pauline's lovely face, framed in soft golden curls, her great pathetic black eyes, had a power and charm which no one could withstand. He examined her in silence, wrote a short prescription, and then said,

"She will get well. All she really needs is plenty of sleep, good food, and pure air. These you can probably give her."

"Yes, Sir; our food is simple, but good."

"All the better for being simple. I suppose you would like to feed her on ice-cream and port-wine?"

"I would if I could afford it. It would coax her appetite."

"No doubt it would, but she can do without them."

As the doctor did not seem in a hurry to go, Miss Morette showed him her garden, of which she was very proud.

"What are those things for?" asked the doctor, pointing to the semicircle of summer-houses.

"They are little greeneries for my old ladies to sit in."

"They look like a menagerie."

"Do they? I think they look very pretty. You see, they are surrounded by little flower-beds, with plenty of mignonette. I think the smell of mignonette is good for people."

As she spoke she picked a few sprigs of her favorite flower and gave them to the doctor, and as he did not seem to know what to do with them, she put them in his button-hole, as she had often done for her father.

Perhaps the smell of mignonette was good for the doctor, for he became quiet and almost gentle.

When they arrived at the gate, he asked,

"Why do you keep this flock of old women? Do you think they will be grateful?"

"I do not know. But it does me good; I enjoy it."

"Do you? Then you must be very happy."

"I am," she replied, softly, almost reverently.

Had she seen the look the doctor gave her, she would have been almost alarmed at the warmth of its kindness. But the innocent little lady was meditating a great mistake.

"Doctor," she said, "I am very much obliged to you for coming. I dare not ask you to come again, but—may I go to tell you when Pauline is better?"

"Madam," said the doctor, savagely, "I do not allow my patients to destroy the peace of my household. I do not wish to be constantly reminded of them. And I have the honor to bid you farewell."

And he strode away, followed by Fido.

The next day Miss Morette was seated at her window, holding Pauline on her lap, when a strange vision appeared before her astonished eyes. Dr. Lambert, or his ghost, was walking up the garden path, with a large tin can in his hand and two long white parcels sticking out of his pockets and bobbing amiably on each side of him. After the fashion of ghosts, he entered without knocking. But it was a decidedly living and lively voice that said,

"Come, bring me two saucers and two spoons. Be quick!"

Miss Morette did as she was told, and the doctor opened the tin can. It contained some saw-dust and a smaller can filled with pink and white ice-cream, which he deposited in the two saucers.

"Don't say any thing; eat it before it is all melted. Be quick!" commanded the doctor, trying to look wicked.

The ice-cream being disposed of, Dr. Lambert emptied his pockets.

"Here is some port-wine, which you will please use generously, as there is plenty more where this comes from. And now that you have what you wanted, madam, I hope you will be more gracious than you were yesterday."

Miss Morette was so astonished at the doctor's doings that nothing he could say had any power to rouse her. She was gracious, and nothing disturbed the peace of that visit.

After this the doctor came every afternoon; for, as he said, "the child must be fed."

Before the summer was over he had quarreled with every human being in the establishment except little Pauline. He scolded the old women, he stormed at the children, he laughed at Miss Morette's pills, he declared Suzette was a goose. Yet, in spite of all this, no one was afraid of him, and every body loved him.

Miss Morette fought for her pills and her altars, undismayed by frowns and sneers. If there was one thing the doctor enjoyed in his secret soul, it was good-natured contradiction, and Miss Morette gave him that pleasure unsparingly whenever it became necessary.

As for little Pauline, she looked upon her old friend with the eyes of love. "You are so good and so pretty!" she said to him one day. The doctor knew he was not "pretty," and he had serious doubts about being "good," but he was deeply touched by the feeling that had inspired the words.

When the cool days of autumn had sent away Miss Morette's guests, Dr. Lambert's visits acquired a certain intimacy and friendliness that made them still more pleasant. He spent his afternoons in the little parlor, where a bright wood fire burned all day, and in that room he seemed to forget that his chief duty was to be cross. He played youthful games with Pauline and Fido, usually ending off with a touching representation of Red Riding-hood, in which the doctor, crowned with a red cap, greatly distinguished himself as a naughty little girl, and meekly submitted to being devoured by Pauline.

While she took her nap he related to Miss Morette many an anecdote of his past life, and told her all his old jokes, which were as good as new to her. And she listened and laughed, and sewed for the poor, with equal energy and enjoyment.

But, alas!

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

One bright frosty December morning the doctor made his appearance in high spirits. "I come early because I have something important to say to you," he explained.

"What is it?" asked Miss Morette, with a sudden presentiment of evil.

"It is this; I have thought of it for some

time, and this morning Jeannette and I came to an understanding. I have a great favor to ask you. I hope you will not refuse it. Will you let me have Pauline for a little while?"

"Let you have Pauline? Of course not, Sir."

"Wait—wait till I tell you all. I would like to have her with me for two or three months. We would drive over every afternoon to see you. Jeannette is fond of children; she would take good care of her, and you would have a little rest. What do you think of my plan now?"

"I do not need rest, Sir. I could not part from Pauline; her mother gave her to me on her death-bed, and I can not let her go."

"Don't be obstinate and sentimental."

"My dear doctor, it is such a strange idea! What would you do with her? She would be a great trouble to you."

"She would be a great comfort. I am attached to her. I have neither kith nor kin, and I can be a good friend to her if you only had the sense to see it."

"But you are her friend now; you can—"

"Will you let her come? Yes or no?"

"No, Sir; I can not do that."

"Is it your last word?"

"It is, Sir."

"Very well." And the doctor left the house, slamming the doors severely.

The next day came and went. Several other days followed, but no doctor came with them. Three weeks had passed, and the doctor had made no sign.

"Never mind," whispered Miss Morette, as she kissed her little Pauline.

But she minded very much; she minded so much that she wondered at herself. No real change had come over her life, yet every thing was changed, and had become stale, flat, and unprofitable.

It was Christmas week. A light snow was softly falling, Pauline was taking her afternoon nap, and Miss Morette sat alone by the fire, sewing and thinking. Suddenly she heard a well-known and longed-for step. Her heart beat fast and faster, but she neither moved nor looked.

"Good-afternoon," said Dr. Lambert.

"Good-afternoon, Sir."

The doctor sat down in his accustomed arm-chair, and began to poke the fire.

"Are you all well?"

"Very well, thank you. Pauline is sleeping in the other room."

"It is a pretty cold day; winter is coming upon us in earnest."

But Miss Morette was too glad to think of the weather, and she forgot to answer.

Perhaps the doctor was glad too, or perhaps it was the light of the fire, but his eyes shone very brightly, and his face had a peaceful, pleasant expression. Having enjoyed the silence long enough, he asked,

"Didn't you wonder where I was all this time?"

"We supposed you had gone out of town."

"Or out of the world, for all you cared, no doubt."

"We might have gone out of the world too, you know."

"Yes, so you might. Did you miss me?"

"We did. Pauline was quite anxious about you."

"I said nothing about Pauline. I said did you miss me? Can you make a direct answer to a direct question?"

"Oh yes, indeed!"

"'Oh yes, indeed,' what?"

"How cross you are!" said Miss Morette, deliberately.

"Cross, am I? I suppose you missed that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then you must be sorry I came back?"

The flannel garment upon which Miss Morette was engaged became refractory, and required all her skill and attention, so she lost that last remark.

The doctor relapsed into silence. Yet something must have tickled him, for he smiled at the poker. At last he said,

"I came to ask your opinion on a serious subject. Do you think I am too old to marry?"

"That would depend on the age of your wife, Sir."

"Exactly. How very wise you are! Perhaps you think I am too cross to be a good husband?"

"That would depend on your wife too. Perhaps she might like it."

"And why should she like it?"

"She would if she liked you, I suppose."

"Like! like! Who cares for liking? That leaves a man out in the cold, and a woman too. By-the-way, why did you not marry?"

"Oh, for several good reasons."

"State your reasons, if you please."

"In the first place, I never had an offer. In the second place—"

"That will do," said the doctor. "That suits me perfectly. I make you an offer now."

Miss Morette blushed a little, but she did not speak.

"Why do you not answer me?"

"You have not said any thing."

"Then I will say something. Madam, will you be my wife?"

"Because you want Pauline?"

"No, because I want you. Look at me."

Miss Morette looked at the doctor. She had always thought that his eyes were beautiful, and the present investigation confirmed that opinion.

"Well?" asked Dr. Lambert.

"Well?" answered Miss Morette.

And when Pauline had joined them, and the little group sat cozily by the fire, Fido wagged his tail in a way that said very plainly that, as far as he could see, every thing was well, and likely to remain so.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York Lyceum of Natural History has appointed a committee to collect observations in regard to the earthquake felt in this vicinity on December 10. As chairman of this committee, Professor D. S. MARTIN, of Rutgers College, in a recently published circular, requests that all persons who have knowledge relating to that event will please to inform him by letter in regard to any of the following points, especially the first two: 1, the place of observation, and its height above tide-water, if known; 2, the time of the shock; 3, the duration of the shock; 4, the nature of the motion felt; 5, the direction of the motion felt; 6, any other facts observed.

A commendable enterprise has just been initiated in Chicago in the setting apart, by the South Park Commissioners, of sixty acres for the establishment of botanical gardens, this space to be increased from time to time as occasion may require. The general management of affairs is in charge of the board, of which Mr. N. H. HIBBARD is president and H. H. BABCOCK secretary.

It is proposed to have a botanic garden proper, provided with suitable houses for the reception of plants requiring protection, an arboretum, a garden for general floriculture, a botanical museum, a herbarium, and a botanic library. The work is to be commenced upon the grounds as early as possible in the spring. A circular has been issued by the board of managers soliciting contributions to the several departments of the garden, especially of seeds, cuttings, living plants, and herbarium specimens. This solicitation is made with the expectation of being able to make suitable return for such contributions at an early day. The general direction of the establishment has been placed in charge of Mr. H. H. BABCOCK.

Governor RAWSON, of the island of Barbadoes, whose remarkable studies upon the rain-fall of that island have been already noticed, states that it is an error to suppose, as Mr. MELDRUM does, that the observed rain-fall in Barbadoes in any way really supports Mr. MELDRUM's theory that there is a sun-spot period in these meteorological phenomena. He, however, very philosophically states that if the conclusions drawn from a wide area and very long periods of observation do support that theory, then the opposite results obtained in Barbadoes, although that island is most favorably situated for these observations, only show that no particular locality can draw a safe inference as to the manner in which the presence or absence of sun-spots is likely to affect it.

But looking more deeply into the matter, Governor RAWSON very justly adds that if there has been more rain in certain quarters of the globe in certain years, there must have been in other quarters during those same years greater evaporation, whence it results that the same solar phenomena produce in one portion of the world opposite effects to those produced elsewhere.

Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries of Great Britain, has been occupied for some time past in collecting salmon eggs in Scotland, and packing them in ice for a renewed shipment to New Zealand. These were to have been forwarded on the 31st of December on board the ship *Timaru*, from Glasgow for Port Chambers, New Zealand.

It is now announced that Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, the founder of the Natural History School at Penikese, has purchased Oyster Island, about thirty acres in extent, near Cotuit, on the south side of Cape Cod, which he proposes to make his summer residence for the future.

The first report of the State Commissioners and Superintendent of Fisheries of Michigan, for the years 1873–74, has just been published, and exhibits the operations of a very energetic and active board for the period mentioned. A hatching house has been established at Pohagan, near Niles, where large numbers of white-fish, salmon, and salmon-trout have been hatched out and distributed throughout the State. A great deal has already been accomplished by means of the liberal appropriations on the part of the State toward re-stocking the waters with useful fishes, and should these labors be continued for a few years, Michigan will have but little to ask for in reference to the restoration of her former very extensive fishery privileges.

The Commissioners first appointed were Governor JOHN J. BAGLEY, GEORGE CLARKE, and GEORGE H. JEROME. Mr. JEROME has, however, been appointed Superintendent of the State Fishery Establishment, and his place on the Commission has been filled by the appointment of Mr. A. J. KELLOGG.

The fish most important to Michigan at present is the white-fish, which occurs on nearly every side of the State, and has heretofore constituted the basis of a very extensive business. The decrease, however, has been more and more marked year by year, and it is quite probable that but for the efforts which have been initiated, and are likely to be continued on the part of the State, the economical value of these fish would have been practically done away with. By restoring their original abundance, and even more, and adding the shad, the California salmon, and the Eastern salmon to the number of the inhabitants of the Great Lakes, and introducing the landlocked salmon into the lakes of the interior, the problem of cheap food for the people in Michigan will be practically solved.

Of late years it has been ascertained that much information can be gathered as to the chemical composition and physical character of iron and steel by etching it, and watching the changes which take place during the operation, and the appearance of the surface after it is completed. According to Professor KICK, of Prague, the best etching substance consists of a mixture of equal parts of hydrochloric acid and water, to which is to be added a trace of chloride of antimony (one drop to the quart of acid). The latter substance seems to render the iron less inclined to rust, so that, after washing thoroughly in warm water and applying a coat of varnish, the etched surface may be preserved quite clean. The smooth surface to be etched is first surrounded with a ridge of wax an inch high, and the water poured into the disk thus formed at a temperature of 55° to 65° F. The action soon begins. The time required for completion is from one to two hours, but the operation should continue until the texture is visible. Every half hour the acid can be poured off without removing the wax, the carbon rinsed off, and the surface examined. When the etching is finished, the wax is removed, the iron washed first with water containing a little alkali, then clean water, brushed, dried, and varnished.

What is recommended as a good cement for an aquarium is made by melting together two parts of common pitch with one of gutta-percha, incorporating them well. This is to be poured while soft (but not too hot) into the joints. It may also be applied with a hot iron, in the same manner as solder. A second preparation consists of two parts of zinc-white and one of copal varnish. And a third, of eight parts of common resin, with one of calcined plaster, to be melted and incorporated, then adding one part of boiled oil. This is to be applied warm.

M. HENRI PARVILLE announces that certain explosive substances may be caused to detonate by mere vibrations, this action being produced in iodide of nitrogen by the notes of a violin and a tom-tom.

FRANK BUCKLAND gives a report, obtained from Captain GRAY, of Peterhead, in regard to the hair-seal fisheries of the North Atlantic during the year 1874. In this he states that the yield has been less than at any previous period, and that unless prompt measures are taken for its restoration, the business will become practically worthless. One of the most successful in a fleet of thirty-three steam-vessels obtained but 2600 seals. At a conference with sealing captains, called by the Board of Trade, the opinion was expressed that a close time for seals is absolutely necessary, or they will become exterminated. The time allowed for the destruction of seals, it was thought, should be from April 5 to May 15, the 25th of March being entirely too early. It is suggested that the fine for a violation of the close time be £2000 sterling.

In his last annual report Professor AIRY devotes a few words to the great work he has been engaged in, namely, the preparations for the formation of lunar tables, according to a new treatment of the theory by which he hopes to be able to give greater accuracy to the final results, by means of operations which are entirely numerical throughout the work. Considerable progress has been made in these numerical developments, and he expects, at least, to put his theory in such a state that there will be no danger of its entire loss in the event of his death.

The *Geographical Magazine* records the deaths of several persons known in connection with geographical science. The first of these is Mr. HENRY LISTER MAW, who was born in 1801, and served for a considerable time in the British navy. He was the first Englishman to explore the Amazon from near its source to its mouth, and the report of his labors was published under the title of *A Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic.*

The second name is that of Dr. H. J. BURKART, who died in November, at Bonn, aged seventy-six. He was engaged for many years in mining operations in Mexico, and returned in 1834 to Germany, where he published an account of his travels, and also a geological map of Mexico.

The third name is that of Dr. JOHANN HEINRICH PLATH, a well-known Chinese scholar, who died on the 16th of November, at Munich, at the age of seventy-three. He was the author of a *History of the Manjus*, and other papers on Oriental subjects, and left ready for the press the concluding part of a work on CONFUCIUS. As a discoverer he is best known as the writer of the geography of China in WAPPAEUS's edition of *Hoerschelmann's Hand-Book of Geography.*

Mr. LOCKYER, in a recent lecture on spectrum photography, gives great prominence to the admirable labors of Messrs. RUTHERFORD and DRAPER in New York city, stating that the latter gentleman has not only taken the most perfect photograph of the solar spectrum yet obtained, but has succeeded in getting an admirable photograph of the spectrum of a star. It will thus become possible to study any changes that may take place in the constitution of the stars or the sun, by the comparison of these photographs with such others as may be taken at some future time.

The importance of having thorough professional men at the head of our scientific establishments is illustrated by the discoveries, lately made at Paris, of immense numbers of errors in the solar observations which were prepared for printing during the recent interregnum at the Paris Observatory. M. LEVERRIER, who is now re-installed as director of the observatory, has brought the matter to the attention of the national government, and will not print the observations until they are freed from such errors as may be found. Many of them will doubtless be rejected altogether.

A Russian expedition has lately been sent out for the purpose of prosecuting explorations in Western China, and much in the way of positive results is expected from the known richness of the country. The party consists of Captain SOSNOVSKY, of the general staff, Captain MATOOSOVSKY, a surgeon, a photographer, three Cossacks, and two interpreters. At the last advices they had reached Shanghai, *via* Kiachta and Pekin. They were to leave Hankow by steamer, and to proceed in native boats up the river Han in a westerly direction.

Some accounts of the recent explorations of the Ogovai River by Messrs. COMPIÈGNE and MARCHE have lately been published by the Geographical Society of Paris. At the date of the latest advices these travelers had ascended the river, which separates the French colony of the Gaboon from Loango, to a distance of about two hundred miles from the sea, a point beyond any that had been previously attained by Europeans. Leaving Point Fétiche in the beginning of January, 1874, they were obliged to cross a number of difficult rapids, extending over a distance of 100 miles from Okota, to the river Ivindo. There were seven of these rapids, of which that of Bôoué formed an impassable fall of over eighty feet in height, necessitating a portage. The principal difficulty in the journey resulted from the hostile natives along the borders of the stream.

Professor HUXLEY, in *The Academy* for January 2, reviews ERNST HAECKEL's new work on "Anthropogenie," and considers it very remarkable in many ways, not the least of which is as a mile-stone showing the progress of the theory of evolution as applied to man since DARWIN's first suggestion of the subject. The author's object is to trace the actual pedigree of man from its protoplasmic root to its climax and perfection. Professor HUXLEY considers the work as really full of power, and based on a foundation of practical work to which few living men can offer a parallel.

The great French light-house at La Have, near Havre, is said to be the most magnificent establishment of its kind in the world. The electric light was first used at this place, in 1863. The electricity is furnished by magneto-electric machines, and the simple uncondensed beam of light is equal to 4000 candles, and it seems to be the testimony of navigators that this electric light is always seen, even in clear weather, before the oil lamps nearer them. Its range of visibility is also correspondingly greater, the radius of the circle lighted up being from five to ten miles greater than that of first-class oil lamps. The difference between the two is, in fact, similar to the comparison of a candle and a gas-light. At some distance there is also a notable difference in their aspects, the electric light appearing white and brilliant, the other red and smoky. The superiority of the former is still more manifest during foggy weather, since at such times, even before perceiving the electric light, its presence is marked by the illumination of the thick atmosphere surrounding it, and its range thus increased. This is an important advantage of the electric light, and may be of great practical utility, as has, in reality, frequently been the case. While its brilliancy gives it this superiority, its inferior power of penetration diminishes the range of the electric light in foggy weather, and more notably as the fog thickens. In general, it is found that if the electric light has an intensity two and a half times greater than the oil-light, it will penetrate fog as well as the latter. The expense of the powerful electric light at La Have is about one-seventh greater than that of the decidedly inferior oil-lights. General testimony seems to be in favor of the introduction of this powerful light at all important stations, and both the English and French are extending its application.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MEMS FOR THE MISSES.—Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what's for dinner.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear.

A notable lady (of Edinburgh, I suppose) had long been annoyed and fretted by her own town servants, and being no longer able to bear their manifold tricks and malpractices, she intimated to her friends her purpose of getting an unsophisticated girl from the country, whom she could train to her mind; and she was fortunate enough in securing a young woman from a remote corner in the land, and thoroughly recommended for activity, honesty, and good nature. How the process of training went on you may judge from the following specimen. The girl having seen something very wonderful going on in the street, in a tone of "unsophisticated" familiarity called to her mistress, "Eh, woman! come here and see this." "Woman! Do you presume to call me woman?" "Ay; if ye are no a woman, what are ye? Are ye a speerit?"

Why is a man climbing up Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman who wishes to kiss his sweetheart?—Because he wants to get at the mouth of the "cratur."

A philosopher borrowed a dictionary to read, and returned it after he got through, with the remark that "it was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice-cream she tasted was "a leetle touched with the frost."

An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on the "oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant," when his friend interrupted him and "closed the debate" with the exclamation, "The oyster! Ah, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow. He always knows when to shut up."

A gentleman in a conservatory with a lady picked up a bluebell, and, taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

"This pretty flower, of heavenly hue,
Must surely be allied to you,
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too."

To which the lady replied, thinking of the cold weather and the snow all around,

"If, Sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that I look so blue."

A man who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said, "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she; "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

A master bade his servant go and see what time the sun-dial indicated. "Why, Sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night." "What does that matter? Can you not take a candle?"

We know a dandy who is so extremely fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung-hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

"Pray, Doctor Skraitz, what on airth is a horror-scope?" asked Mrs. Partington. "Why, ma'am," replied the doctor, "you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant application of oleaginous, acidulous, piperine, mustardific, oviparous components of a crustaceo-piscatory salad and its vinous and alcoholic accidents, an undue expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the progress of its constipating influences, stigmatizes the cerebral functions, confuses the nervo-optic system, and gives a scope to the horrors." "La me! how very strange!" said the old lady; "and what a wonderful thing it is to have larning!"

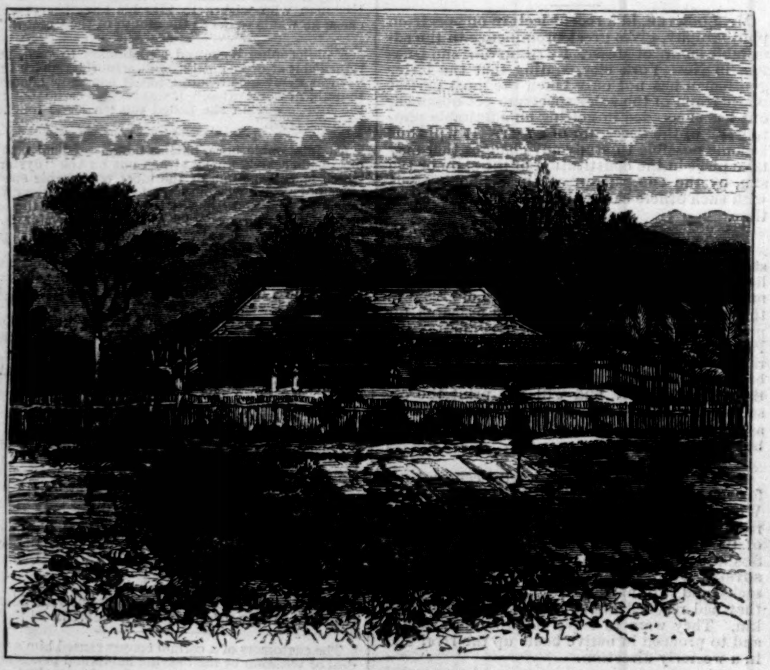
LEVUKA, LOOKING SOUTH.

BUSH NEAR LEVUKA.

MATANITOBUD CANNIBAL.

KING'S DAUGHTER AND LOUSIA.

ROKO TONGAU.



A PLANTER'S RESIDENCE.

CAPTAIN SEWELL'S PLANTATION, LOMA LOMA.

THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

DUE north of New Zealand, and to the eastward of Australia, in the South Pacific Ocean, lies a group of islands numbering about two hundred and twenty-five, and known by the collective name of Fiji or Feejee. Of these islands about one hundred and forty are inhabited by a race of savages, well formed, with dark but not black skins, and as to their personal appearance remarkable for their thick, bushy hair, the general absence of tattooing, so much in vogue among most races of South Sea Islanders, and their inordinate passion for decorating their faces and bodies with paint. Their great pride is their hair. It is always stiff, wiry, and plentiful, and grows to a considerable length, so that it naturally assumes a bushy form. The Feejeean, however, lavishes all the resources of a somewhat artistic nature on the arrangement of his *coiffure*. To train the hair in any of the graceful and flowing methods which distinguish the soft-haired races would be utterly impossible for a Feejeean. He proceeds on quite the opposite principle, and tries to develop to the utmost those characteristics which belong to him. Every hair is supposed to grow out at right angles to the skin, and to stand out like bristles. Supposing that each separate hair could be induced to follow its own course without being entangled by others, it is evident that the whole head of hair would form a large globular mass surrounding the face. It is therefore the business of the Feejeean hair-dresser to accept this as the normal form of the hair, and to change or modify it according to his taste. Most of the chiefs have a private hair-dresser, to whose care his master's *coiffure* is intrusted. This demands daily attention, and

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—CAPE FROWARD.

at certain stages of progress requires the labor of several hours each day for a considerable length of time. During this operation the hair-dresser's hands are *tapu*, or sacred, from touching food, but not from working in his garden. The most artistic *coiffures* have a surprising accuracy of outline, combined with a round smoothness of surface and uniformity of dye which display extraordinary care and skill. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously colored. Jet-black, blue-black, ashy white, and several shades of red are the prevailing tints. Not a few *coiffures* are so ingeniously grotesque as to excite merriment. One man has a large knot of fiery red hair on his crown, all the rest of the head being bald. Another has most of his hair cut away, leaving patches or rows, as if his head was planted with small, stiff paint-brushes. A favorite mode is to have the hair wrought into distinct locks, radiating from the head. Each lock is a perfect cone, about seven inches in length, having the base outward. This style requires great care. It is curious that the Feejeean women take less pains with their hair than the men, contenting themselves, as a rule, with combing it out so as to make it project as far as possible in every direction.

The pagan Feejeeans—and the majority of the natives are still pagan—are the worst of all cannibal races. Even the Christianized natives have to be carefully watched lest they should revert to this horrible custom. The unregenerate take a pride in the number of people they have eaten. One chief was accustomed to place a stone on the ground in front of his dwelling whenever he had eaten a human body, and an English clergyman on counting them found that this monster had devoured nearly *nine hundred* of his fellows. Cannibalism is chiefly confined to male Feejeeans, women being seldom allowed to eat human flesh. A body used for food is usually spoken of as bakolo, or "the long pig," and, as a rule, the vessels in which it is cooked and the dish from which it is eaten are held as *tapu*. So highly is "bakolo" honored that it is not eaten with the fingers, but with a fork. The implement is handed down from father to son, and when it has become venerable by reason of age or the rank of its possessor, it receives a name of honor to distinguish it from common forks. For example, the chief above-mentioned, who ate so many of his fellows, had a fork which was named "Undro-undro," signifying a small person carrying a great burden.

These interesting and amiable savages have recently become British subjects by the voluntary cession of the islands to Queen Victoria by King Thakumbau and other great chiefs. The islands are picturesque, mountainous, or hilly, and richly clothed in the deep green luxuriant verdure of the tropics, extending from the sandy beach to the summit of the highest peaks. Rivers large and deep enough for boat navigation wind through the valleys in the larger islands, and form natural highways to the numerous and rich alluvial plains and lowlands that lie at the foot of the mountains. The Feejee Islands seem, indeed, to be a land, in the language of Heber's well-known missionary hymn,

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile;"

and very vile indeed is the Feejeean cannibal. The Wesleyan missionaries have met with great success in some parts of the islands, and their patient, self-sacrificing labors have produced a wonderful change in the natives among whom they have lived. Colonies of Europeans, numbering in all several thousand souls, have succeeded in introducing the arts, industries, and customs of civilized life into the islands, and the natives are gradually learning to raise sugar, cotton, and other tropical products. But there are still large regions where the humanizing influences of Christianity and civilization have not yet penetrated, where revolting cruelties are still practiced, and where the Christian missionary would still be regarded in the light of "long pig." But now that the islands have come under British government, heathen barbarism can not long continue to vex any of those beautiful valleys and mountain-sides with its bloody and unholy rites.

Levuka, of which we give a sketch on the preceding page, is one of the principal towns on the island of Ovalau, one of the most fertile of the group. This town is chiefly inhabited by foreigners, is the seat of the Feejeean government, the residence of the foreign consuls, the principal shipping port, and has several hotels, churches, and stores.

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

On the 21st of October, 1520, a Spanish squadron under command of Fernando Magellan, which had been sailing down the coast of South America in search of a passage-way to the Indies, entered a broad strait which seemed to promise a successful termination to the long voyage. Magellan, who was a pious man after the fashion of his time, called it "The Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins," the 21st of October being the day of St. Ursula; but geographers, thinking the honor due to the discoverer instead of the saint, and perhaps also with a proper regard for brevity, have given the channel the name it now bears. Magellan was a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, a brave, skillful sailor, who was cordially hated by his captains because he was not a Spaniard. A few months before the discovery of the strait a conspiracy was formed against him, which he repressed with vigor. He hanged two captains, had another put out of the way with a dagger, and a fourth, together with an intriguing priest, was set ashore and left to the tender mercies of the savage Patagonians. Magellan was seen to be a man who was not to be trifled with, and he was no more troubled with conspiracies.

After sailing through the straits he entered the waters of the vast ocean to which, on account of the smoothness of its waters, he gave the name of Pacific. Magellan, as we have said, was pious after the fashion of his time. He lost his life through his mistaken zeal for the forcible conversion of the inhabitants of one of the Philippine Islands. The chief had refused baptism, and Magellan, angered by his obstinacy, landed with fifty-five armed Spaniards for the purpose of enforcing obedience. The islanders, to the number of 1500, opposed him with courage, undismayed by the fire-arms which spread havoc among them. Having exhausted his ammunition, and being hard pressed by the savages, Magellan endeavored to get back to his boats, but was killed during the retreat.

The strait which bears the name of this sturdy navigator separates the southern extremity of the American continent from a group of islands called Tierra del Fuego, or Land of Fire, so called from the numerous fires seen by the discoverers during the night-time along the coast. These islands are mountainous, the loftiest peak rising to the height of seven thousand feet. The scenery is grand but forbidding, and the climate is one of the worst in the world. Terrible storms, sudden gusts of wind, rain, snow, and fog, constantly succeed each other. The inhabitants of the northern part of the islands bear a strong resemblance to the Patagonians, while those of other portions of the group are but little above the brute creation. They are disgustingly filthy in their habits, and will eat any flesh, however putrid. They live in huts built close along the shore. These rude structures are of a conical shape, four or five feet in height, with a small hole for a door. The soil of the islands is generally a swampy peat, and the mountains are covered to the height of about 1500 feet with forests of stunted beech.

The passage through the Strait of Magellan is seldom attempted by large sailing vessels, notwithstanding the advantages it offers over the stormy, dangerous doubling of Cape Horn. The narrowness of the western reaches, and the violent gusts of wind that sweep through them, cause frequent and sometimes very tedious detentions; and as many of the harbors are difficult of access, it is often necessary to put back for long distances to find safe anchorage in stormy weather. It is said that a United States frigate was once eighty days in making the passage. Aside from this liability to vexatious delays, the passage through the strait presents few difficulties and no serious dangers; an efficient service of powerful steam tug-boats would make the passage easy for sailing vessels.

The grand scenery of the strait is shown in the two engravings on this page. Cape Froward, so named in consequence of the bad weather usually experienced in its neighborhood, is the southern extremity of the American continent. It rises abruptly from the sea, and is clothed with a stunted vegetation. Glacier Bay is remarkable for the magnificent glacier at its head, descending from a stupendous height to the very water's edge.

The only settlement along the strait is a penal colony founded at Sandy Point by the Chilian government. The situation is well chosen, at the mouth of a clear stream, which descends from a

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—GLACIER BAY.

neighboring mountain, whose sides are covered with a luxurious forest growth. Coal and gold are found in the vicinity, there is good pasturage, and potatoes and certain hardy cereals are raised without difficulty. In 1584 a colony was founded by Sarmiento at a point now called Port Famine; within five years all but two men out of three hundred perished miserably of starvation. The harbor is still resorted to by vessels detained by contrary wind, and by those in want of fire-wood, which can there be obtained with ease, the shores being covered with drift-wood brought down by the Sedger River, the largest stream emptying into the straits.

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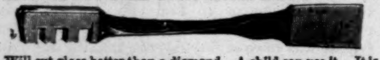

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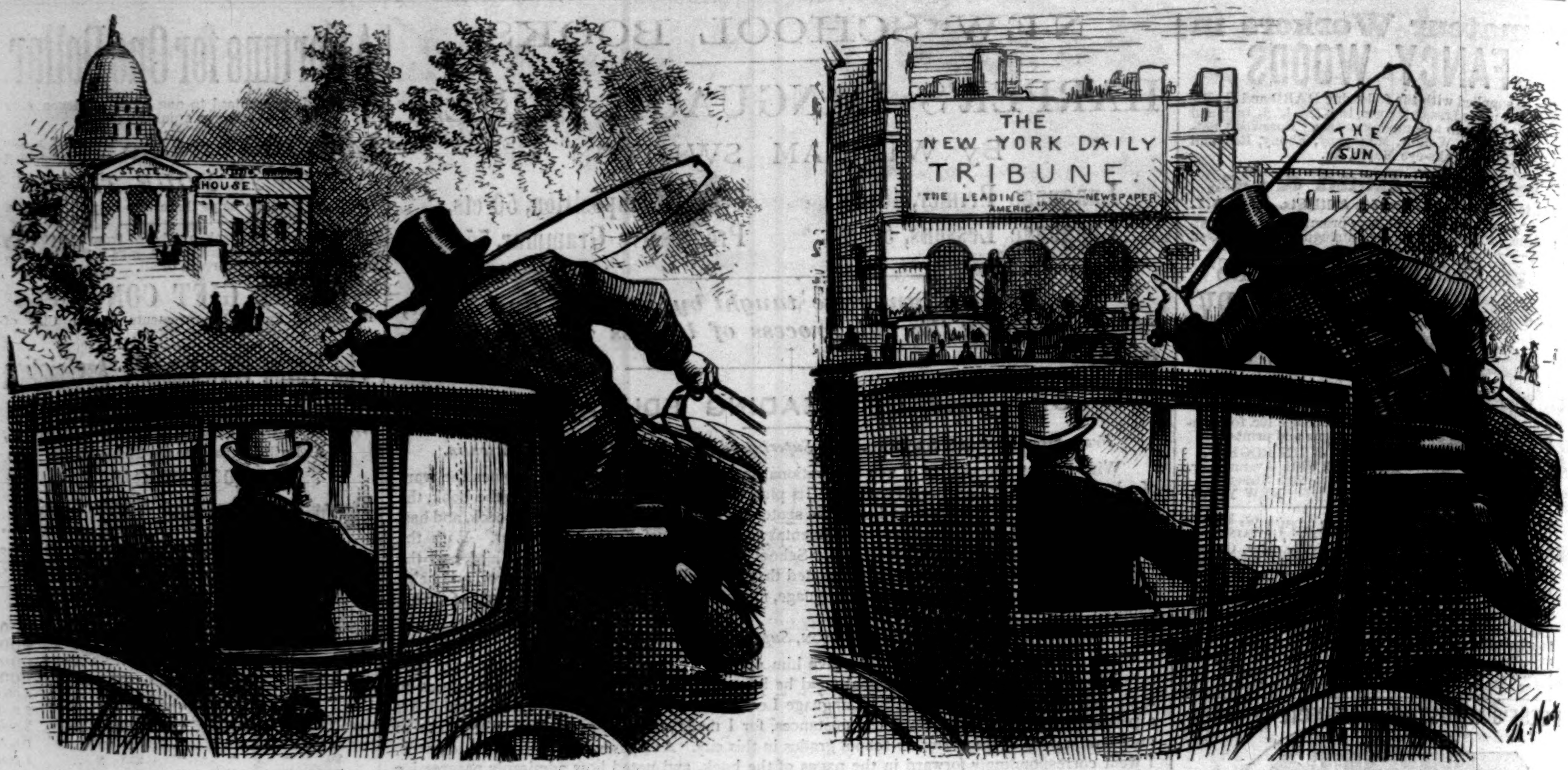

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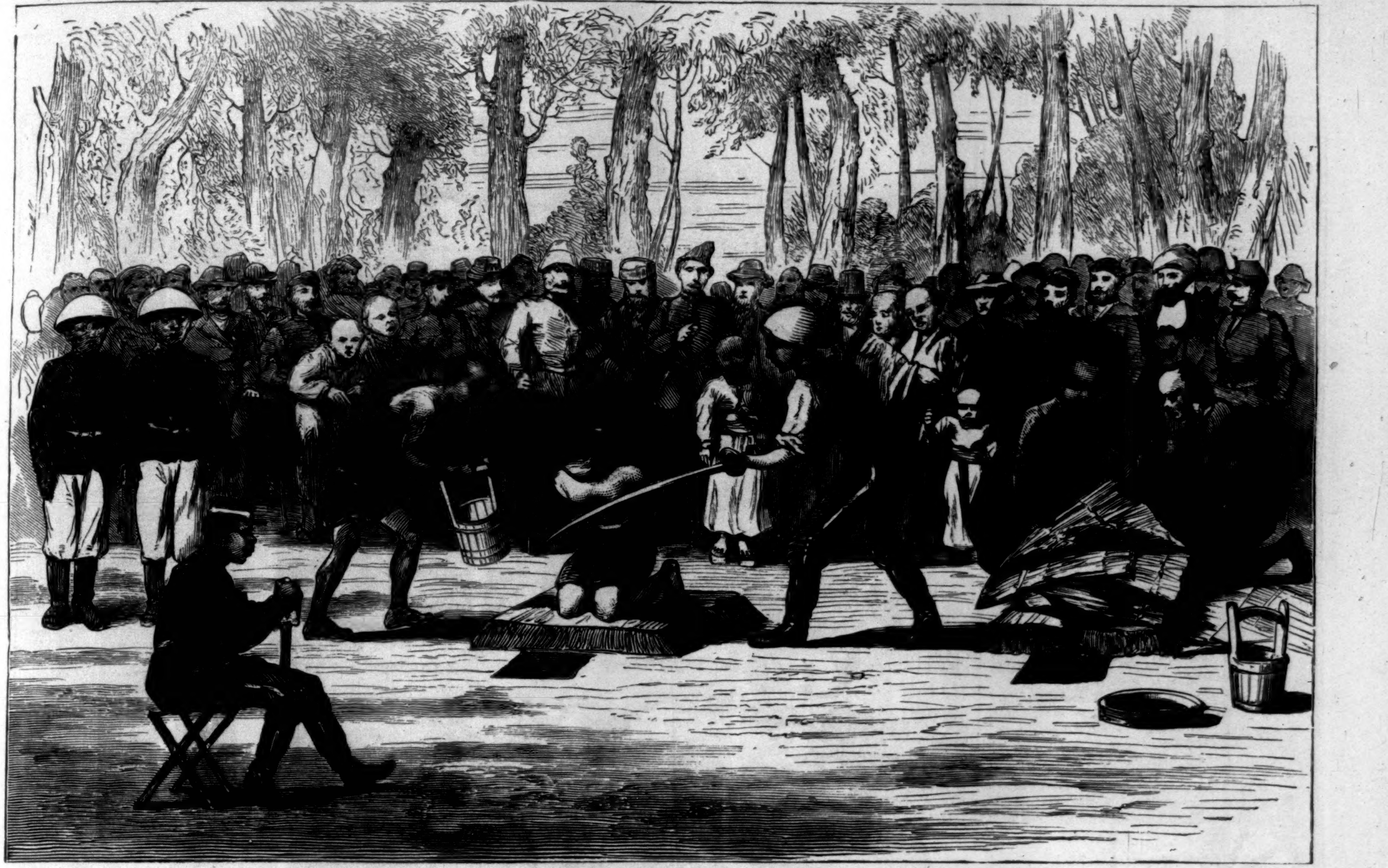


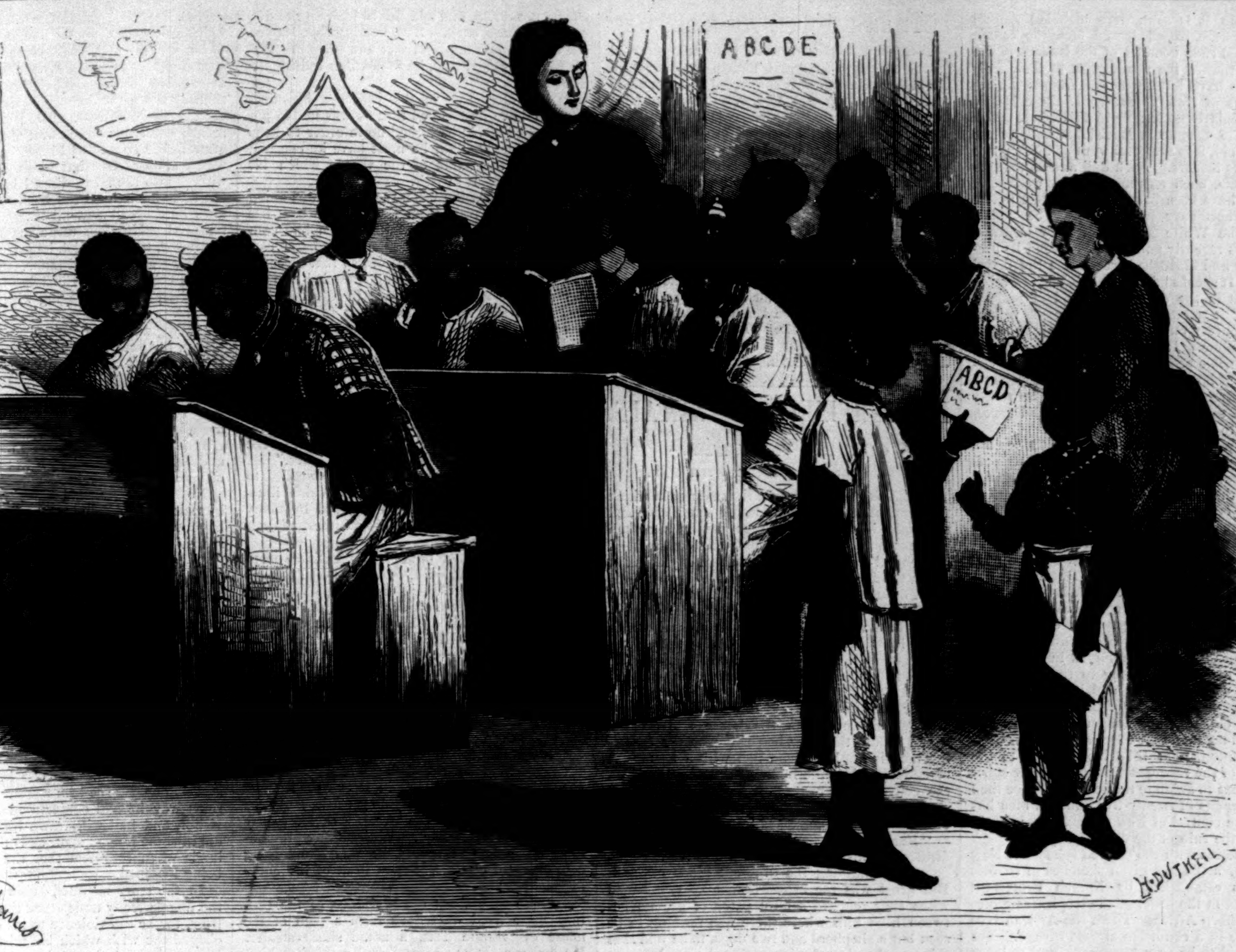
AN EXECUTION AT YOKOHAMA.

EXECUTION AT YOKOHAMA.

THIS sketch was made at a recent execution in Japan. There were seven victims, among them two priests. As soon as the prisoners arrived on the ground their eyes were blindfolded with strips of white paper. After a little delay the first prisoner was led forth. The magistrate, dressed in a uniform of European fashion, read his crime and sentence, and he was then made to kneel down on a mat before a square pit in the ground, his neck and shoulders bared, and his hands bound behind. The executioner wetted his long, sharp sword with a little water, and with a quick movement severed the victim's head from the body. Two coolies sprang forward; one thumped the body to hasten the flow of blood, the other took the head from the pit, washed it, and held it up to view. The other prisoners were similarly executed.

A COLD MORNING IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

EDUCATION IN SENEGAL—A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—[See Article, "Color in the New Orleans Schools," on next Page.]



EDUCATION IN SENEGAL—A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

COLOR IN THE NEW ORLEANS SCHOOLS.

THE Superintendent of the Common Schools of Louisiana, the Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, is a colored man of unusual attainments, energy, and refinement. He was born in the British West Indies, where the strife of races has long ceased, and was carefully educated in an English school. Afterward he emigrated to New Orleans, became a public teacher, was then an editor, and next, in 1872, was elected to his present office. Before his election his opponents were accustomed to represent him as "an ignorant, brutal, plantation negro." Since he became State Superintendent the public has discovered, and even some of his former defamers admit, that he is admirably fitted for his difficult position. Fearless, impartial, intelligent, he has given a new impulse to public education in Louisiana, and has been particularly useful in advancing the intellectual welfare of his own race. It is even asserted that the colored children of New Orleans are more intelligent than the white, and the colored schools more zealous in the search for knowledge than those of their former superiors. It is indeed to be hoped that in this generous rivalry the latter will resort to no unscholarly expedients to win the race. But, unfortunately for the peace of the schools of New Orleans, a question of color has sprung up, excited by the general violence of political feeling in the city, and even the children of the place have formed their own "White League" to expel all colored pupils from the schools attended by the whites.

This is a plain violation of the law. Like their elder examples at Coushatta or Vicksburg, our young crusaders are too impetuous to await the slow action of legislation, or even to regard that which exists, and have essayed to purge the public schools of every shade of the offensive tinge. The constitution of Louisiana, however, provides that there shall be no distinction of color in the schools, and that they shall be open to all children of proper age. In New Orleans there are over seventy schools, about one-third of which are used almost exclusively by the whites, another third by the colored children, and the remainder by a mixture of all shades and colors, including Indians and even Chinese. Color is not alluded to in the law, nor has it had any practical influence upon the course of education. All classes have united in pleasing themselves as to the choice of the schools where they would educate their children. But the law forbids any teacher from rejecting any scholar who applies for admission, and makes it a misdemeanor to do so, and hence colored parents have the right to send their children to the schools where the purest Caucasian tint is alone supposed to prevail. They have not, however, done so, and have in general preferred the mixed or colored schools, which are said to be better taught and managed than the white. Yet it was reported that the white schools for girls were not altogether free from the obnoxious tinge, and a disorderly band of boys, apparently with no more discretion and common-sense than most of the White League leaders of New Orleans, went round from school to school to select and drive out the colored pupils. Rude, careless in dress, sometimes armed with sticks, and possibly knives, like their amiable exemplars, the young "regulators" broke into a number of the female schools, but soon found that they had entered upon a task that might have puzzled the keenest observer. It is sufficient to say that they were baffled at every step. They gave up their crusade in shame. The question of color was one that not even the sharpest inquiry could decide. Indignant parents, noted in the gay society of New Orleans, frowned at the insult that had been put upon their children; young maidens of the purest blood were frequently the objects of the mistaken ardor of the young crusaders, and were forced to prove that they were white. From one school the intruders were expelled by a courageous teacher and the friends of his pupils; and the latest crusade of the White Leaguers in the cause of unmixed schools has ended in general ridicule. It throws new light upon their extreme folly and violence.

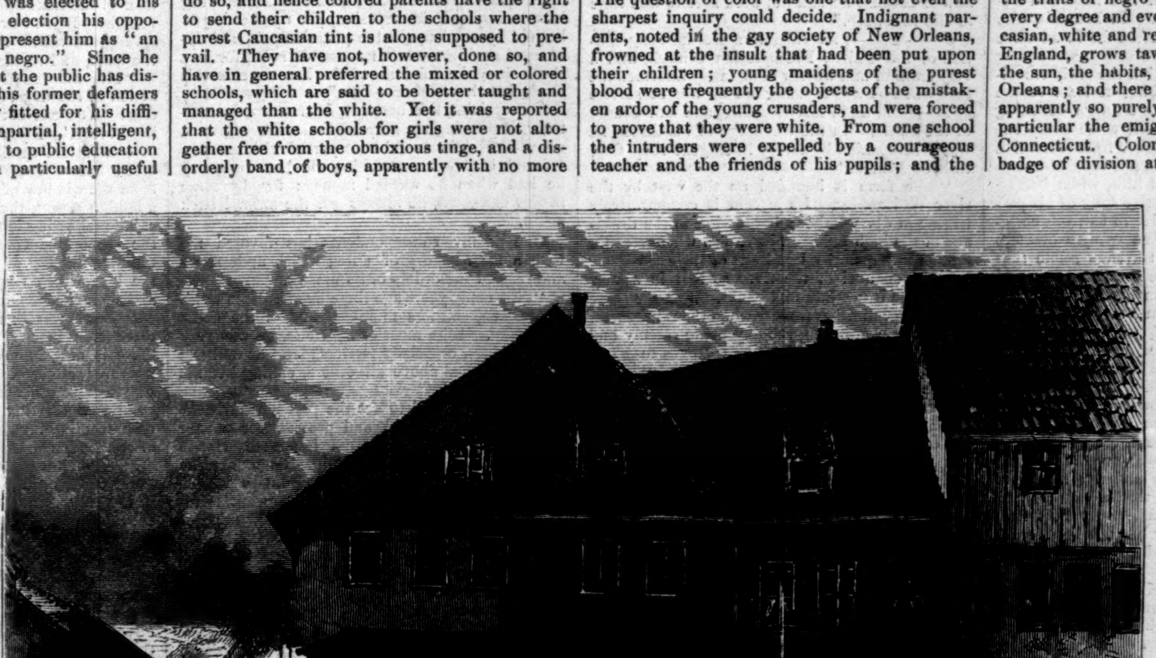
Nowhere, indeed, would it be so difficult, so invidious, to establish a government founded upon a distinction of color as in New Orleans. Here all shades and tints are blended in harmonious confusion. The dark bronze of the creole inhabitants, the descendants of French and Spanish blood, is sometimes of a deeper shade than the traits of negro descent. Of these there are every degree and every hue. Even the pure Caucasian, white and red from the misty climate of England, grows tawny and atrabilious beneath the sun, the habits, and the dissipations of New Orleans; and there are persons of negro descent apparently so purely white as to surpass in this particular the emigrants from New York and Connecticut. Color has never, in fact, been a badge of division at New Orleans. There are families of African descent of great respectability and wealth, and some of the most valuable citizens have been of that just now unlucky race, so that when the young White Leaguers penetrated into the female schools to drive out their colored sisters, a series of laughable or painful incidents met them at every step of the inquiry. In one of the schools they ordered an intelligent little girl of about eleven years old to leave at once. Of her guilt there could be no mistake, they thought, for the offensive tinge mantled on her cheek.

"Do you know who I am?" said the young girl, with natural indignation.

"No," said the captain of the White League, "nor do I desire to know you. You are a negro, and must leave this school."

"A negro!" cried the young girl, with all the pride of color swelling at her heart. "I am the daughter of your leader. My name is Miss P——."

They made no further attempt to eject her, and retired in confusion. But they went to other schools and drove out children and even fair young women of sixteen, bathed in tears or glowing with indignation. Their threats and their lifted sticks made resistance impossible. Several Jewish maidens, touched with the olive tint of an



LUTHER'S HOUSE AT EISENACH, GERMANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 148.]